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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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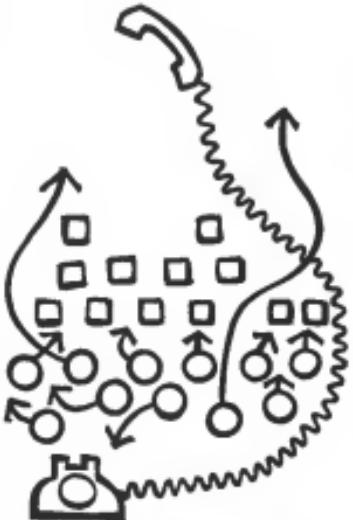
# Macleans

Margaret Atwood on Marie-Claire Blais  
Gordon Sinclair on Gordon Sinclair



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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

### Peter C. Newman The Canadian Establishment

Peter C. Newman spent a dozen years in Ottawa, for Maclean's and the Toronto Star, trying to understand political power, all the while following it to see the power that mattered. Six years ago, at about the time he was returning to Ottawa to become editor-in-chief of the Star, he began to realize there was a whole other power Establishment in Canada, "consisting of a surprisingly compact, self-perpetuating group who set no kind of external goals, liked each other more closely, to each other than to their country."

So he began his search for the invisible rich — "the visible rich aren't really the most powerful people" — and for the ways they obtain enormous and opposition authority. It became a full-time preoccupation, which carried on after he became editor of *Maclean's* four years ago. In about six months, during the writing stage of the first volume of *The Canadian Establishment* (McDonald and Stewart) to be published this fall, he regularly rose at 4 a.m. and worked on the book until the rest of the magazine's staff arrived.

Newman discovered that the real power in Canada was in the hands of about 1,000 people. At the top was the top 100, and third-ranked Angus and McDeegeal (The Prince, page 19), the man who runs Argus Corporation. Of the 100-plus interviews Newman conducted in preparing *The Canadian Establishment*, about 800 directly involved Bud McDeegeal. Newman knew that McDeegeal did not enter the press, and that his prominence in Canadian journalism didn't count for that much in McDeegeal's ledger. So he began to query those who knew McDeegeal, and dug all around the man. It became, he says, like a detective story, with a plot that included anonymous phone calls ("I hear you're interested in Bud"), and thus providing some new slant of information. Newman hoped that at least some of the people he talked to would tell McDeegeal what he was about — in fact he expected it — and that eventually McDeegeal himself would need to question: "In the end I called him for an interview and he agreed to meet me. He knew what I knew."

# From the Rockies to the Riviera Only V.O. is V.O.



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# MISTER STEWART GOES TO WASHINGTON

By Walter Stewart

We wheeled the car out of Cooper Street and south along the Driveaway, beside the Belize Canal, past the formally robed flower garden of the National Capital Commission, past the even more formally robed bureaucrats, marching marchionates back to walk after the lavish hotel, past couples dispensing thimbles on the grassy bank, and young mothers rolling their kids out for sunbath and compliments, just, in a word, the mixed generation of Ottawa. Ottawa is a summer's day. My wife and "Let's not go." A friendly fuzzy, but affirming: "We were leaving Ottawa after 12 years, and had a week to Washington. We had lived here for eight years, and spent a week out of every month here for four years, and now it was over, and I said, 'Ah, hell.'

I was surprised at myself. Ottawa's capital has always been a nation just through Mounties and Macdonalds, like that. "The west that never was, Ottawa, in the center to Montreal." Ottawa became an unloved city, snooty, and bickering about the place — no lack of class, good restaurants, sense of history and all the new things you find in Washington and London and Paris — but became a paradise not only for its citizens but for Canadians everywhere.

Well, now in these Ottawa is not only a superior city, it may even be a model for which other cities can learn. It makes the best of a modest setting — as opposed to, say, Victoria, which makes the worst of a magnificent setting, or Salford, which spans in as plain background like a where-in-a-hovel — and it has all the amenities most people require. On Saturdays, my kids used to walk to the National Museum for free movies, and go home late culture draping themselves, as they went to the National Art Gallery, or the National Arts Centre Hall, in Ottawa, who can get impressed just basking around looking for something to do. You can skate on the canal in winter and canoe in summer, you can ride a bike on prettied pathways, or walk, or wend the sightseeing paths in the park, or walk to work. No walk, the changing of the guard at Parliament Hill is very orderly there to do, it is also enormously satisfying. One can sit at home and revel in the thought that you are not likely to be maimed, raped, mugged or murdered here, as you are in those other small places, Victoria, Washington and London and Paris.

The city does some advantage in its role as national capital. It has a lot of history. In these annual statistical surveys, Ottawa never has Canada's highest per capita income, but often tops family incomes because the civil service provides work for sisters, mothers, sons. It has a special position to maintain, and that raises funds from federal coffers for buildings and bridges and monuments not available to less fortunate folk. It has, almost despite itself, some sense of history. In the neighborhood that was Bytown, Mother McGivern sold whisky by the pint glass, and overbrowed blonde bairns between the French and Irish. Once McGivern was married here, a actress was born here, after its first new framing in Charlottetown and Quebec and London, and all our national figures have used this city as a stage, from crazy Louis Riel



to crazy Pierre Trudeau, from John Macdonald to John Diefenbaker, from R. B. Bennett of the iron boot and berating know to Mackenzie King of the high voice and low standing. History leaves a mark, you can't escape it, and behind smirks and derisive glances Ottawa is consistently whispering her story into the ear of anyone with a will to listen.

These are the perks of a capital, a living museum. But Ottawa has its own advantages, too, chief among them the fact that it is the ideal size for living. With a city population of 400,000 and an area population of 680,000, Ottawa is large enough to support a variety of diversions, from body-pierced parties to excellent libraries, from a colorful market to some shiny (if we're informed by usually reliable sources) car houses. The city also seems enough to live and walk and move and entertain, and smart enough to try to keep it that way.

The city covers enough about itself to please most of its citizens, about which we much upper priests at writers, seems loosely enough to visitors and tourists, halely enough to live in. Homebased or Westward or Ovideans for the people at an acre, it is an aptly, sprawling, fluid, placeless area. Elegy to get worse. Toronto is a good place, but the city of developers complaining that they have been behind from building is barely audible above the crack of their machines, battering down the old city, Sherman's epicenters and plus-who's. Halifax, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton and Winnipeg are all struggling, usually in vain, to come to grips with urban sprawl. Ottawa, ja ja at least, has done it. In its buildings, roads and suburbs do not spring unbidden from the ground. They are planned and groomed and controlled.

Ottawa's homogeneous, so many to knock just so nicely serving, so often, of being homestead, make good neighbors. They are polite, pleasant and, once you get to know them, shareable gossip about their apartments and their political biases. They can be awfully errect, like bureaucrats, say when you are talking to them as in government, but they seem to lack the sheer belligerence of their opposite numbers in Washington. They are peace officers, demanding of their local government — they know, after all, how governments work — and concerned about the kind of city they will have before when they move, as so many of them do, to some other place.

So I had myself writing something I would have thought impossible while I arrived here to cover the sweepings of Lester Pearson in 1963. Ottawa is a handsome, interesting, livable city, a credit to her people and an attraction to us all, if they had but known it. I am sorry to go.

I have one final, small reason for regret, a dirty-ol'-house reason I neglected to tell my wife. Ottawa is full of young ladies who wear no braswars and who bounce and bounce and giggle and wobble along the walkways in a way that makes midwives run like bats and old men topple off park benches. In Washington, a city of over-eat, the ladies' beauty is a rarity.

## "From Montreal to the steaming Amazon jungle, my Maytag has never let me down," writes Mrs. Thériault.



Mrs. Thériault: Mr. and Mrs. Thériault, along with Ghislain & Joanne, 8.

*"In 11 years of brutally hard work, it has seldom had a repair."*

"My husband is an electrical engineer and in 1968, when we left for Brazil, we took along our Maytag Washer," writes Mrs. Liliane Thériault, Montreal, Quebec.

"There in the Brazilian bush it was used daily by the local Amerindians in addition to continuing to wash for our family of 5. I estimate it did about 15 or 16 loads a week those 3 years.

"In 1971 we brought it back to Montreal, where it is still serving us. My Maytag is now 11 years old, but despite all the travel and hard use, it has had few repairs."

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# THE SPIRIT IS STILL WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS BONE-TIRED

By Myrna Koslak

I remember vividly the day I officially became a feminist. It was in 1971, in England, after two years of travel during which not a breath of what had been happening among women in North America had reached me. But in London a woman friend showed into my hands a stack of papers that had been mailing to her from a feminist friend in California, and read that, I read it. When I was finished, I was a committed member of the Women's Liberation Movement.

The Toronto Women's Caucus, the Toronto Women's Liberation Movement, and the Radical Feminists had all been established by the time I returned to Canada in late '71. They were holding meetings, putting out newsletters, organizing rallies. I never paid any of these "pasts," and I remember going to the meetings with a confusion of feelings: anger that we were so voluntarily spending time away from men; exasperation about the things we had the nerve to say that year; and, most often, relief beyond measure that it was safer for us to confide in each other than to be open and honest about the things that had happened to us, and deeply moved by the glue that held all of us together, compassion and tenderness.

But sometimes she made us shake together too. It was called "micro-hating" by our detractors. But I called it "young clear" and it made me really high. Well, my father and my husband and some of my friends were okay but all the rest of them out there were real bastards, wiping me off right and left. The sexism and hostility they poured out of me was extremely satisfying. Women friends would nod and agree—“Yeah, right on, I know what you mean.” It was a positive purge.

But then it was purged and I had to go on to something else. The flipside of hating men was loving women, and so I explored this. It was easy. I had always enjoyed my relationships with women. Now it became a matter of going beyond that, reaching out to each woman I met as a “sister.” It also meant studying women's history, reading about marriage laws in ancient Rome, the economic role of the households, the origins of menstrual myths. It was the most exciting intellectual work I had ever done. I was researching the history of rats!

I thought I was safe at the University of Alberta, watching like a hawk for any young women who might be the same process as I had. We sat in corners and chatted, being careful to be “supportive” and searching for the least sign of “anti-woman” feeling. It always made me feel guilty to give a student a low mark on a bad paper. There was something vaguely “unfriendly” about that.

I was now spending most of my time with women. Gone were the days when I wished to be surrounded by admiring men. Good riddance. I did most of my writing about women and I got letters from readers saying how much it meant to them that I said the things I did. I listened to a friend talk about her battles with her husband about housework and child care. I saw other friends leave their marriages and set up communities together. I stood in the cold wind of City Hall



squinting, showing despair. I went to a women's medical clinic and took home with me my own plastic specimen. I had had a secretarial affair. I thought, in those days, that I was on the inside of something that was going to shake the world apart.

It was doleful! From there Shelly but scrub. The feminist “partner” fell apart, soon to end up in hot tight field in lesbians, others in far left among the male-dominated leftist sagt. The rest of us struggled in the limbo between. I continued to do bits and pieces of things — teaching, writing, going to conferences, arguing with male friends, becoming friends again with my mother — but it began to lose sight of what all these bits and pieces were supposed to lead us to. There never had been a central planning committee for the movement and now there didn't even seem to be a common goal. Secretly I missed my feminist friends, when Otto Long gone in charge, the abortion laws, the rape laws, the marriage laws? Maybe we should get jobs in factories and help women organize? Do you think they even notice these kinds of things? We cooks at the Women's Caucus? Do you suppose I should have been doing nothing to do with race, would that help? Have we really come so far where it's worth? What is the present system? “Well,” they said, “do what you can do. What this is about is changing people's attitudes, don't you see? It takes a long time.”

But then a doublets were introduced and the passage was poor. I saw some of my friends strike out on their own, making careers for themselves as professional “bitches.” I saw others lose themselves in “style,” pretending their crazy clothes and bizarre sexual tastes were proofs of a personal liberation. I saw still others spend their energy in doctrinal debates, working our “sisters” perspectives and positions. As far as me, I became interested in Bob Dylan again. I fantasized about a shock at 40 and I never did buy a Helen Reddy album.

But I still remain. I still believe that women are an exploited group in our society. And there's no denying the women's movement has made a lot of noise. We pushed and we shoved. But nothing moved. Oh, a few shuffles here and there. A royal commission, a cabinet post or two, here a few reforms, there a revised curriculum. But the fifty-fifty rule on in the same old ways. A tradition is repeat. A zeitgeist is segment. My grandmother strengthen on a promise. My neighbor repeat again.

What is it that's wrong with all this? We don't believe in principles, values and political agreement — we've swapped them down. We can visit for Ellen MacDonald, but down she really can sit the world the same as I do? We can free Dr. Merriweather but what can we do for all the women who never eat at a hospital cafeteria? I can “hate men” but many of them are in the same spot as I am: co-opted, ripped-off and sold. I, for one, am withdrawing to think about all this. Meanwhile, maybe all those women around the country who need reproductive and drastic change now will just go ahead and achieve it where they are, in their kitchens, their offices, their factories. Won't Gloria Steinem be surprised?



## The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes time is money.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The nonsense of that logic, we now realize, blends in to its flavor.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is but how good. So before you pack all your sturdy little glasses in methoballs you might want to try a Sunstroke.

To make a Sunstroke:

pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz



grapefruit juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

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# PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS? YOU KNOW IT, BOY!

By Rick Butler

It's a completely unexpected discovery, at the western extremity of Canada's youngest province, you come upon a self-contained French-speaking community. Even many Newfoundlanders are unaware of it and the fact that the community has existed as Port au Port Peninsula, just 30 miles from the town of Stephenville, since the mid-1800s. Just after you pass through Jerry's Nose, you come upon Dépôts, Rossignol, Rognon, Petit Terre and Cap St. George and you're in the heart of the least-known French settlement in North America.

The majority of people in these towns are direct descendants of settlers who came to the area from St. Malo and Brittany during the mid-to-late 19th century, to work the rock fishing grounds off the coast. Many of the early settlers decided to bring ship and settle closer to fishing and trading fishing rather than dock, the prospectus of incorporation into the French-speaking Acadie of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. These French-speaking Acadians, from New Brunswick, established churches and schools, and eventually developed an isolated community of approximately 5,000. A smaller number of settlers also established themselves on the northern side of the narrow peninsula around the town of La Gond'herre. From these early days until Confederation in 1869, existence depended on an uncertain and difficult struggle for survival around a cruel semi-deadly economic system based on straight barter. Families often went from one year to the next without seeing a dollar bill.

Confidence brought family allowances, pensions and the promise of government aid for the fishery. However, the people of Port au Port are now realizing that union with Canada created an unanticipated and fundamental problem: the threat of cultural assimilation. Limited schooling was established early in this century, but with the introduction of compulsory education in 1949, the language of the classroom became English, not the native French.

Under Newfoundland's departmental education system, the Port au Port schools are administered by a school board, which is usually appointed and heavily influenced by local priests. The church has always been English-speaking, primarily through the Roman Catholic or urban parishes, to the west. Not only are church services and schools conducted in English, but, as elsewhere in the province, the local clergy has always assumed the role of cultural spokesman. For their communities in their relations with business and government. As a result, local demands for French-language instruction in the schools have seldom been passed.

One of the most significant developments of all is Port au Port in the remarkable saving of the young of an entire culture and people in their heritage and cohort. Most young people who grew up in the area, and dream that their communities in their relations with business and government. As a result, local demands for French-language instruction in the schools have seldom been passed. In addition, there have been more overt attempts to anglicize the population through the practice of educating French names to their rough English equivalents at baptism. Thus, Bealet became Bennett, Le Blanc became White, and so on. In smaller things no less symbolic ways, the St. John's government has played a part in the process by changing road signs and more place names from French to English. But these are small things, the primary cultural concern among



the Port au Port French today is the effect that the years of English-language education have had on the young. Phyllis Blouin, a 22-year-old teacher from Cap St. George, is close to the problem. "The children who are bilingual are influenced by English-speaking teachers all day long, as well as by English radio and television. So it's very difficult for children to keep speaking French when there's so much outside influence from another language."

Les Franco-Canadiens Francais, an independent local organization devoted to the preservation of the French language and culture in Newfoundland, was formed three years ago. The association began by organizing student exchange visits with the island of St. Pierre, and several French-speaking communities in New Caledonia, New Brunswick and Quebec. A small number of Franco-Canadians are associated with welcome boards at the port of call and airport. Local committees and working groups were formed for the purpose through a grant from the Ministry of State's Department and they set out to organize day-long fairs, welcome picnics, exchange meetings, and conduct interviews on local history with some of the older people on the peninsula. Thirteen groups from Quebec and Acadia, folk singer Billie Butler visited Cap St. George and several French fairs were staged at the local theatre which had previously specialized in vintage wearants.

But Mariana Stiles, president of Les Franco-Canadiens Francais in Port au Port, and a teacher, insists the basic problem continues to be the lack of bilingual education. "When I attend one of the French-language teachers' meetings on the mainland, I realize how much we have been deprived of our educational rights. The government is instituting a program beginning at the primary level is the answer."

The Newfoundland Department of Education has made no definite plans to introduce a full French immersion program. This fall, a program offering all-French instruction in grade one will begin here that answers the needs of maybe 30 kids out of 900 in Port au Port French. A limited French-language program for grades one and two began last fall in Cap St. George.

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# THE LATE, GREAT PAIR OF JEANS

By Marc McDonald

I have a friend who spent three successive weekends waiting for her jeans. Not that they were dirty, you understand. They were brand new, with the \$22 price tag still attached. But as anybody with the slightest sense of fashion does these days know, there's only one thing more gauche than spiffy, well-tailored, utilitarian, uninviting and generally unadherable blue denim and that is being caught out of the washroom wearing no less down at the hem. And so my friend kept sending her jeans through the automatic washer trying to flip at least the first two times off their life. She tried the gentle cycle and the regular cycle and the heavy-duty cycle. She tried jeans and plastic jeans and jeans that are not in there to the last to use, and jeans she even sat in there for two long chancy hours in a Memphis washout waiting for the washroom attendant to take pity. But the jeans and her jeans just looked as if they'd had a recent bath with barbecue platters and she was placed into disgrace.

"I'll just never get blue jeans," she wailed. "I'll never want my friend to catch the Art Gallery of Ontario's current Toronto exhibit entitled 'Decorated Denim' where there is not even any intentional blemishes around the hem but it apparently usually somebody's come right out and acknowledged the horrible blue jeans as a work of art."

Art? Who. There they are, hanging on the wall just down the way from the Ramboheads and Tax Theorists, a pair of faded garments with two long red silk ties that make wading up from the ankle to the posterior and suddenly bending into a blaze of rapturous blossoms just about where a person might make contact with a chair. There are jeans with kitchy wacky bands applied all over them, and jeans drooping all over jeans and spangly threads like some Las Vegas vision gone bankrupt, and jeans so breathtakingly antediluvian with pillow bows and saucy pearl buttons slanting out of an entire ridge jungle that you would swear they were painted by Rembrandt. One girl seemed unashamedly ripper up her jeans' legs and waded back in. And another tattered wife goes with blue-red-painted fingernails and a pair of blue jeans just as it slides on the surface of some Disneyish shoulder. And then there is the grand masterpiece of art for possibly the third time: jeans pants with pockets of steel mesh, dimensions and two heavy reflectors, not to mention a single hand hook clark's belt serially pinned just about where his girl's blusher should be.

The whole exhibit was put together from a contrarian solo contest sponsored by Levi Strauss and Co., the San Francisco denim tycoons whose original uncle Levi settled down in gold-rich California 134 years ago and started up the very first Levi. He whipped them up out of some unverage thousand-blue cotton from Nîmes, France — "de Nîmes" because denim — added roses when prospectors repopulated their raw samples were ringing right through the pockets and, when somebody was rude enough to suggest that his jeans weren't as steady as they were cracked up to be,



andade Levi composed a pair of freight cars with them and then threw them a ring or two. With a history like that, it was no wonder the Solesies counter-clockwise chose jeans as the official uniform of the revolution. In a world where wrinkles meant drip dry, jeans was the real thing. They were anti-establishment, anti-style, anti-everything the consumer society stood for. jeans were of the people, and there was a kind of purity about them you could feel just by the way they scratched your legs.

But along the way the same thing that happened to the jeans happened to blue jeans. They were coopted. The anti-style became the style. And also suddenly there was a right length and right look that have to do with jeans, and the lengths change from front to back. You could go out to the store and just point to something and say, "I want these jeans." There was a right kind of patch to patch and a right kind of shade to look in. And pretty soon they started to come pre-patched, pre-pressed and pre-folded. jeans became big business, perhaps America's greatest contribution to global culture next to Coca-Cola. and the Big Mac, why, in Mexico they'd give away their entire life savings just to get that hand in a pair. In a single year Levi's jeansquishes sold \$550 million worth of jeans...

Now there is not a self-respecting bazaar under the age of 40 who doesn't own some jeans. jeans have become the uniform of the middle class, the tattered black dress of the bourgeoisie. You can wear them almost anywhere — and sometimes they are really the only respectable thing to wear. jeansconventions in shiny white places where are spilling custom-made soft in the denim like some quick kick back to youth, and society snobs are turning up on the fashion pages saying they positively live in these jeans, even if they never look like one. jeans-patchwork numbers at \$170 a shot. A stockholder's 3 kids were right out and bought his first pair the instant he saw into the paradise of the Toronto Stock Exchange wearing them. One Saturday morning, because that's how it was always. And when you are picking up ties and sports jackets from their jeans with the same kind of handiwork of hip dancing in them. There are blue denim gourmets and artless rags. like diamond-like TV sets and like upholstery, and the mass marketing has only just begun.

But already blue jeans is a faded dream. In the States, when we're trying to go back to the land and caring our cracked granite and putting up two fingers to the sky to show that is the face of all gods to the contrary we were full of pride and love, jeans looked like the answer. But now all of a quite turned out the way it was supposed to look that. The specific approach still is not to talk of peace and love today is only to date yourself. jeansconventions is a quaint relic of a decade past. The kids I know are into little culture vandals and gliterati, and now, to wear jeans, leather boots and Teflon fashions, and gliterati now, to wear another dream. It was only a matter of time really, until blue jeans were pressed up on some art gallery wall and celebrated — a cushion piece

# TIMES ARE HARD FOR WOODBINE BILLY

By Michael Posner

PROVE IT. So he apparently just ripped Bief Stern at the wire, and a fit little man in the crowd announces: "Bief Stern beat her." Woodbine Billy looks sharply at the man and says, "Don't be silly. The *win* horse was..." and the crowd — waiting for the picture to flash on *closed circuit television* — interrums agreement. But the little man is obstinate. "You wanna bet \$300 *her*?" he says angrily, gesting off a crisp \$30 bill. "I'll bet you \$50."

Woodbine Billy shifts the cigar ash between his teeth. His eyes have seen Prove It So win by a nose, but now he is debating himself. After three dismal months at the track, he couldn't afford his off-duty \$300 he stashed the week with his shrug, into wood chips. The points in his pocket have been digested by the day. He has given ten dollars to his right leg, and his doctor has just put him in a \$150 cast for root canal surgery. He doesn't like the budget.

"When your health isn't good, you can't do the work. If you can't work, you won't grow well. And if you don't win, who's gonna feel like doing the work? You're gonna be drinking your *Pheonix*, which don't do nothing for your stomach."

Woodbine Billy's "work" is playing the horses — except that it isn't play. It is his job, his sole livelihood. He follows them from Greenwood in the spring to Woodbine and Fort Erie in the summer and back to Woodbine in the fall, never missing one day, and studying every race with the intensity of a scholar.

Apart from occasional part-time jobs, he has, with mixed success, earned his living at the track for nine years. Once back in 1973, Billy had \$8,000 in the bank, and he thought nothing of spending the afternoon at Woodbine, happening a pal for Montreal and the evening and at Blue Benets, and then catching a morning flight back, just in time for the next day's program in Toronto. He was floating around having a hell of a time. Whatever. I wanted... Ianga. Walk with a place you four share, in a jingle, a jingle, a jingle.

But then, he's curious, having an open bet never handicapped. He bet \$500 to the fat bartender wager of his old Gus Stead, having just won consecutive football bets, he took 10 points and the game against Oakland. (Oakland won 41-4.) "I had no business doing that. I was out of my league." In two weekends, Billy dropped \$3,000. By Christmas his account had dwindled to \$1,200. The doctors put him on Valium. Neither his health nor his pocketbook have been the same since.

It was not the first small fortune. Billy had squandered. During those disastrous years of the mid-1970s, horse races, card games and hockey bets wiped out a sizable inheritance — an inheritance derived from the Argus, 1957, our sedentary dad that claimed his mother, (after a high school Latin teacher) and three brothers. Billy, the only survivor, spent two months in shock. He was 15 years old.

No tragedy of such dimensions can fail to leave its mark on the psyche and it could be argued that it was somehow



to blame for Billy's "crazes." Perhaps. But long before the accident, Billy, growing up in Winnipeg, had gained an fascination through knotholes to watch the horses run at Polo Park, and later pooled his paper boy's earnings with friends to bet daily doubles and quadruples. Still, he lost his family at a crucial age and drifted through adolescence without direction, gravitating increasingly to the track.

An uncle brought him to Toronto and enrolled him in high school, three miles from Woodbine. Freely afternoons, while the rest of the school cheered football teams, Billy cheered filers and geldings. By the time he reached university, he was a confirmed horseplayer. On one occasion, he placed his maximum bet of five dollars for track money. "The second was so bad I took it in to get paid," he told *Prove It So*. Two days later he had enough to redesign it. His friend agreed the second was vastly improved.

Performing cameos in production, Billy's academic efforts were something less than brilliant. He scraped through first year with five Cs, failed his second, then made one final — and unsuccessful — attempt to salvage his degree. "You don't spend the day at the track, watch the Arsen Brothers and just 12 Miley Whiffles in you, and then go and read *Vietnam*. It just doesn't happen."

Since then, Woodbine Billy has lived off his luck. He's spent nights walking the streets, pedaled dozens to avoid paying his way into the track, hitchhiked to Fort Erie with six dollars in his pocket. He once borrowed 40 cents for a wager, was \$600 on the day, then stashed a box for the A&P where he stacked tea of rags for \$1.50 an hour. "I loved that job. It was my security. My rent was \$10 a week, and I'd have \$25 left for the track. It gave me independence."

New Billy's room is downtown Toronto rents \$12 a week, and the job A&P is history. (He was fired after missing three consecutive days.) But he has no regrets. "I'm not doing what anybody wants to do in this world, living the way I want to live, doing what I like." He has given up the track five days a week, arriving early to catch the previous day's replay on TV. He watches every race he can throughout man's existence because it gives him a better sense of those factors that separate winners from losers. How horses break from the gate, how the track is running at the race.

At the race tracks, he scribbles little notes onto his program, later transferring them to his racing form and to his own Master Performance Chart at home. Often he is an unsmiling, anything-rents, competing apostle and classes and fields of competition — the art of handicapping based on a science. He even handles clients — horseplayers willing to stake their capital on Billy's recommendations and to split the profits.

But this year, worried about his health, Woodbine Billy is off his form. The fit little man in the crowd offers him an easy \$30 and he lets it pass. A moment later, the photo goes up on the screen. Prove It So is the clear winner by a nose

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# YOUR VIEW

## Speaking of solidarity / A few more words on behalf of Musu / Tonny and his friends

Although I enjoy Musu's very much and do admire Heather Rehmet's excellent contributions, I must take issue with some of her conclusions in *Oppression To The Working Class* (July).

While I am not belonging to the "opposition side," I would not consider opposing to the mass of organized labour. I would not explore those mass fossilized positions, and that means are necessary. However, their recent demands and goals are seriously not justified.

As the wife of a young lawyer who earns about as much as I do, not less than, an apprentice plumber, I have become bitter about the lack of proportion apparent in the working world today. Organized labour seems to have lost sight of the fact that, beyond a cost-cutting adjustment, each job is worth only so much. My lawyer husband, who is highly trained and assumes a great deal of responsibility for the affairs of the clients he represents, should be paid considerably more than the untrained clerk who receives and processes his documents. He is not.

And just asily, in the face of mounting inflation, the answer is not for my husband to join a union.

ROSEMARY BURKE, DAWSON CREEK, BC

I appreciated *Oppression To The Working Class*. The people who grow the food, lab and work in the mines and forests are the ones who create wealth. The middle and upper classes are, in some, prima.

I would like Canada to do the

Chairman Musu's system of requiring everyone to do physical work for a period every year. This would create more sympathy and understanding between the working people and the others.

KATHIE CARLTON, HALIFAX

I opt for the opposite side — and I don't have any money on a stick either. But when I was growing up in Winnipeg, Regina and Vancouver, I had some good friends who chose since because members of the CPR, mainly through their willingness to take on responsibility.

More power to them, they have worked very hard and deserve their just rewards.

DORIS CREEPER, VICTORIA

Tim more hydro consumers will cause the subscriptions to Maclean's upon reading the contrived star in Heather Robertson's article ("White collar workers") expressing solidarity with hydro consumers and garbageites."

After all, they are not of the same class. For one thing, a hydro consumer has to be educated — sufficiently, at least, to be able to distinguish a ground water from other water sources with potentially lethal chemistry. The other has no such natural discerning, the utility workers are spoiled big time and a nice song of bologna.

On the other hand, the unskilled garbageites needs primarily to be exposed to his native instinct for self-preservation. (Handling garbage can without nothing but hands). Later, to save promotion to senior garbage-

man he must be skilled at picking leases for composting, the bones of which he learns as an infant in his crib. And both must have degrees to a high degree, thus purchase for maximum (relative to some types of being), or when destroying the perfect environs of a brand-new garage door's skin so that it no longer accepts its lid securely, if at all.

RON W. F. COOPER, MONTREAL

## Modern motherhood

The "little" story by Myrna Konstantin, *A Few Words Of Advice* (July), was just that — little, wise, perceptive and the kind of star advice that women don't want at all, indeed, that they refuse even to acknowledge.

ENIIE HARRIS, TORONTO

May I say how deeply appreciative I am to Maclean's for publishing *A Few Words Of Advice*?

In her beautifully written article, Ms. Konstantin illustrates all the circumstances, which I am residing only now at the age of 24, so well for well-balanced wisdom.

Thank you again for putting into words what I have known but haven't been able to express.

SAY ROBERTS, OTTAWA

## Reviewing Rock

I find John Hirsch's saunter attitude, as expressed in *The Devil, Death And Dumb Rid Her No Clean* (Point), unbearable. I thoroughly enjoyed

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CROFFERY S. HODGKIN,  
ST. LAMBERT, Q.C.

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## YOUR VIEW / continued

Tourists. Not I suppose that is to be taken for granted — I am, after all, under 17.

However, I find myself confused. What rights do I have as a tourist? I can no longer buy liquor, don't speak French and have never heard of Kabell Gabane.

I trust that Habitant never, even in his adolescence, indulged in facts, and he has never felt my tongue! I sure do.

Come on, John. We know you're one of us.

JANET LARSON, WINNIPEG

I have nothing to say about John Rielof's review of *Tasawq*.

RON CRATER, 3015,  
MONTREAL, Q.C.

### Quebec encore

It is rare for me to write a letter because I support the content of an article, but Walter Stewart's *My Past with The Quebec (June)* touched a sensitive nerve.

A native of Quebec's frontier region, I have grown up in an era of the frugality and ambition of many of the residents of this predominantly francophone and Anglophone society. Despite any desire to integrate rapidly into the mainstream of Quebec society, I have run into the same hostility and resistance. Stewart, after so, especially among younger Quebecers, who seem merely to want to be left alone to build their own Quebec.

The causes of this feeling are mysterious. This has been made obvious by the failure of the Trudeau government's policy of bilingualism in the federal and provincial, the Bourassa government's balkanized "provincial federalism" (which was also carried on, under various guises, by Duplessis, Lévesque and Johnson) and the successive efforts of a minority of English-speaking residents to adapt themselves to changing realities.

What is curious is that the best of the diverse elements of Canadian federalism, which Lévesque and Lapointe wished to establish in Quebec, earlier in this century, and which has always been resting on the shifty pretensions of St. Léonard and Trudeau, and in the dubious alternatives of the amorphous Conservativeness and the irrelevant New Democrats.

CROFFERY S. HODGKIN,  
ST. LAMBERT, Q.C.

As a bilingual English Canadian, I agree with Walter Stewart 100%. We should let the French go it alone, be-

cause the French and English cultures can never mix.

When I say "French," I mean the political kind. I am not from a French town and from the American townships seem very friendly. But I would meet French politicians from Ottawa before they like over here, as they have in Quebec. Canada should rid herself of the militiamen of Quebec, before more damage is done.

ART HEDGES, VICTORIA, Q.C.

I have never read such a doltish

When I go to Alberta, the people say they are Albertans first. Canadians second. When I go to Nova Scotia, the people say they're Macneils first. That is a fact of life here, a part of being Canadian.

Why is it that Walter Stewart does not seem capable of comprehending this fact? His article is the worst imperialistic broadsheet I've read in years. The Quebecers are right. Stewart should find a more suitable topic, for he just doesn't understand.

Z. SPENCER, LONDON, ENGLAND

Walter Stewart says farewell to Quebec because he doesn't feel he belongs there any more. I think he made a very wise choice. I made a similar decision 40 years ago and arrived at the opposite direction.

I was born and brought up in Alberta, in a francophone family. Having worked in Montreal after leaving school, I liked the place and decided to stay. But I didn't like my fellow Albertans for any reason. I like them and visit them regularly, and my Albertan family and friends often come to Montreal. They speak poor French and poor English is bad, but we get along well nevertheless.

PHILIPPE DUFRESNE, MONTREAL

Walter Stewart's article was the most agreeable I have read for a long time. If Monsieur Claude Ryan of *Le Belvédère* attempts a rebuttal, I, for one, will not even apologize, will not bother to read it, nor even want to hear a Quebecer's viewpoint. It's too late.

C. H. CLELAND, OTTAWA

*Editor's Note:* Monsieur Ryan had agreed to reply to Walter Stewart's article, but subsequently, due to the pressure of other commitments, he has not been able to do so.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO: Maclean's MAGAZINE, Your View, 401 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5H 1A7.**



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Black & White.  
Good scotch.



## Prairie prejudice

Congratulations to Heather Robertson for *Herbari Roberson* for *It Doesn't Help To Be Jewish In Manitoba* (Aug.). Mr. Spivak deserved great kudos in dealing with the issue, and Ms. Robertson has shown great understanding of what it was all about.

I was particularly pleased with her comments on the role of the local media in this affair. They never join

up an opportunity to attack Mr. Spivak and his party, even when they must resort to bigotry and insensitivity to do so. You should be prepared for a chorus of complaints from the critics, because they can dish out the criticism but they usually can't take it.

SOONSHOWER, WINNIPEG

Heather Robertson describes herself when she says "one of the most effective ways to exploit racism is to de-

plore it." In the name of deplored some racism directed at Solley Spivak, leader of the Manitoba Conservative Party, she arrogantly concludes that "anti-Semitism is a fact of life in Manitoba."

What are you scared? A few comments from a local writer and some of Spivak's anti-Semitic choices.

Get off it, Heather! The people of Manitoba are neither more nor less anti-Semitic. The history is the vast majority of the people of this province has been and continues to be to reject racism and all those who try to promote it, overtly or otherwise.

JOHN WHITNEY, WINNIPEG

Admittedly, the choice and sequence of words Heather Robertson puts together, about a bit continued, make a pleasant smile. But what anti-Semitism faction she creates in the process.

"Anti-Semitism is a fact of life in Manitoba. Everyone admits it, everyone deplores it." Absolutes disgrace! Ms. Robertson would be well advised to tone it down a bit, to draw a little more from research and a little less from her imagination. Sensationalism is not where it's at, and writing is not the same as composing a musical score.

GEORGE FREYSEN, WINNIPEG

## Celebrating Canada

Thank you very much for Angeline Hughes Campbell's *Molded By The Leaf* (June). A right-hearted thinking-for-Canada. We all need that kind of cheerful writing.

MARY COLLMER, BURGESS, NS

I just had to write in congratulates Angeline Hughes Campbell on her delightful article. It was such a treat.

M. CLARKE, NEW WESTMINSTER, BC

A hearty thanks for publishing *Molded By The Leaf*. In the midst of the literary pollution flooding our environment, that article was a refreshing, spring-fed mountain stream.

There are millions of Canadians who would look forward with eagerness to the arrival of a magazine that regularly carried articles of that high quality.

KEN CAMPBELL, CHAIRMAN,  
REINHOLD CANADA, BURGESS, NS

## Winds of change

As an 18-year-old American high-school graduate with a long-time interest in Canadian life, its people and its

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### YOUR VIEW / continued

means, I am speechless in praise of Marlene's

Year writers are tough and heartbreaking, the critics have said that journalistic quality I have been looking for in American periodicals, but which is severely lacking in all of our national magazines.

Thank you for an excellent publication, and you have my best wishes for success when you go独立。

RONALD FERGUSON, JR.,  
OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE

I read with increasing dismay that Marlene's intends going biweekly. I think you're making a big mistake.

Of course I shall not cancel my subscription. I've stuck with you through thick and thin, and I'm as guitar Marlene's has evolved from a hodgepodge of intellectual mimes and frantic apologetics into a superbly designed magazine of immensely readable articles that even some of my friends read and enjoy. And now you're going to blow it.

Don't do it, friends. There is no share in standing still when you've come a good long. If you were a bit, maybe your competition will go mouthy?

BARRY R. MACAY,  
DORRIGO, NEW ZEALAND

This past year I returned to college after many years, and took a course in Canadian studies. We started off with a survey of Canadian awareness, and subsequently researched those areas we thought were of particular importance to the Canadian identity, one of those areas, of course, was the magazine industry.

As a result, I have decided that it is high time the Canadian government stopped loaning to the US State Department whatever something Canadians can't quite be live with their thinking. Indeed, it's just time that the Americans realized Canada is not part of the United States, and hopefully never will be. It's also time we put in a government that will not all out who represents Canada best.

I know that Marlene's is trying to publish biweekly, a good idea. Canada needs a newspaper, and I am glad that you're going to fill that void.

The fact that you do not stand to abandon completely your present format, but rather to mix it in a compromise with that of a newspaper, should make great reading for a large segment of our population. Keep up the good work, and I wish you all the success you deserve.

E. MAUREEN OLIVER, KAMLOOPS, BC

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If you think spending time  
in a barrel helps make a  
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everything else in life, reaches one  
point in time when it's at its peak.

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darker and take on a stronger  
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## THE PRINCE

Bud McDougald doesn't walk the corridors of power. He drives  
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**I**ts Canadian business Establishment has a grand master that all powerful figures like to be a worthy assembly. Toronto capitalist named John Argus "Bud" McDougald is the archetype of the reasons that Indians have to fantasize about. His largesse,豪華, is an icon of manipulate, his view of public power and private prerogative — everything about him is perfect. He is obsessively secretive, tough, determined, righteously indignant. He can't be budged, never less at anything he's got, winning his battles the only tolerable condition of life for him.

McDougald shuns public notice. Unlike E. F. Taylor, whose enlarged mantle has now earned McDougald debilitarily isolates the absence of a visible personality. Few Canadians are aware of his existence, and even those Establishment insiders who appear away from his Canadian orbit know him less by sight than by reputation. McDougald is really not very much interested in what people think of him. He understands power very well, where it resides and how to extract it. Distrust is best sympathy even better. He sees that these of the world-he-prints who appear on radio and television, in magazines and newspapers, do so because they are still in the process of losing the strength

of their authority. McDougald knows precisely where he fits. At the very top.

Well into his sixties, McDougald has a physical appearance that is engaging and at a distance, surprisingly youthful. The check lines that run from his nose to the corners of his mouth form a pleasant moustache triangle. The blue-grey eyes are always watchful, alert, even now, even though his eyesight is failing. His greenish-yellow hair is thinning. His greenish-pink teeth are faltering. A 6'7" man, by the first of Hartmann's, one of Saks' Row's most exclusive tailors, the English hands-made shoes are curved from the skins of young alligators.

His manner of speaking is somehow talking, without high or low — the last vest in his Toronto house by Prairie Pyle, the non-negotiating skills of his local producer, the wonky tendencies of Peter Elliot on Trudeau, his triumphs at the British machinery, the new Maytag Ferguson plant being built in Poland, the anti-reason that Packard Motor Car Company went out of business, the advice he gave President Eisenhower about dealing with the Russians, the token value on the propane tank that bears his increasing price — everything is dismissed in the same tone. There is little sense of irony in his makeup. He

never takes a drink, doesn't smoke or eat sweets, hasn't had a cavity in 30 years.

The cause of McDougald's fortune is difficult to estimate. The combination of his personal stock holdings and his association as chairman and president of Argus Corporation, a company he controls more or less, and international assets worth two billion dollars, including Domtar Stores, Massey Ferguson, Hellegers Brothers, Domtar Lumber and Standard Broadcasting. "We're prepared," he says of the Argus setup, "and that's where you get the expansion for being tough. Because you can say yes when men and not be afraid of losing your job." McDougald also exercises voting control over Crown Trust (with \$811 million in its custody), is a dominant force and member of the executive committee of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (assets \$302 billion), a member of the advisory board of the First National Bank in Palm Beach, Florida, and a director of several major international corporations including the \$1.5 billion Arco conglomerate.

He is reported to be worth \$10 mil-

This is an excerpt from The Canadian Establishment, Fisher 66, by Peter C. Newman, being published as an essay by McClelland and Stewart.

join us both, and gold of the mass. To assist him and of the *Clarke* One *Clarke* with whom he doesn't quarrel his personal wealth amounts to over \$200 million. An indication of his success comes from his tax bill. A few years ago, Frasier Frasier, a corporate lawyer and Phillips' director, sprung of McElroy's, made an interesting statement about the properties of the Canadian government, which said him, "But why do you think you have the right to claim *Clarke* is such a shoddy monkey?" They were in the Toronto Club at the time surrounded by the local big money men, among them Mr. Andrew Smith and Mr. McElroy. "Clarke" didn't even glace around before he gave his answer. "Because" he said. "I'm the only man in the room who paid personal income tax of more than a million dollars every year for the last 18 months."

The harsh side of McDougald's nature is tempered by a sense of Henry James charm — a sense of the urban, as he calls it, in which the retention of past and deep respect for privacy and that proper order of things. It is this fine feel of his character that allows the reader to accept that even in the face of all his power there exists a sort of innocence in him and McDougald's desire to do the right thing, to do what is above the law, to do what the consensus of morality that happens has not subdued. He doesn't really want any sort of name, to which he cannot put a name. Somewhere the entered-into discussions keep eluding him, but more success doesn't bring anything he couldn't have had before. Except perhaps the absence of free. "I didn't give more than anything else in other people's say." There are no strong people you can run up because you can't run up to them, because you can't beat them, but because they're afraid. They say that you've got something up your sleeve that you're not showing.

More than any other Canadian businessman, Bill McDonald has used his innumerable powers base to build up remarkable orders of influence, both in Europe and in the United States. Even if few Canadians can boast to be his associates in London, Geneva, New York and Palm Beach he is an enigma. In such settings, McDonald is known around the cities of the world. "When I leave," he says, "it's as if you're in an international type of operation as we are and you really want to get through to the local community, you've got to be one of them. I find it can get business done a awful lot easier that way."

When he's in London, McDeegey stays in a special suite at Claridge's Hotel with bay windows angled to allow him an uninterrupted view of his Phantom VI Rolls-Royce parked on the street below, so that he can watch the chas-

Four when he was born, he was given a personalised limestone plaque decorated with royal crests and sent to the Queen for her Diamond Jubilee. "I've been in Clarendon's for 35 years and it's like clearing house for the world," he says. "It's amazing, you stick around there for a week and you can see the year on someone's face from all over the globe."

McDougald likes London on week-ends when it is silent and free of people. He can know the roads well, as

of our people at Point Beach all winter long. Then with our various other things such as rice rice, which we're heavily interested in, that's a Cleveland operation. Their exports are up and down all the time, they have ranches for instance in lower Georgia where they shoot quail and that sort of thing, so I held a lot of meetings on Point Beach that normally you'd have either in Cleveland or Canada."

You drove past the georgianic country house with the Gains-Meadows sign on it through the colonial-style picket fence, on the main road down to the swing bridge over the lake, catch sight of the McDougall's magnificent Toronto residence and, in 1938, formerly stretching over 100 acres, it's an estate which has reduced to a mere 16 acres in a 1989 deal with the York Council that permitted McDougall to keep a house, city limits in mind for disposing of his estate land by needed housing construction. McDougall has been

offered two million dollars for the balance of the property, but he won't sell. The McDonald estate, it has been learned, is given the quality of the bluegrass horse country of Kentucky, consists of a large Georgia estate with indoor training barn for the eight resident thoroughbreds, separate stables for the Thoroughbred and Quarter, several outdoor arenas, a large swimming pool, and a 30-car garage. But it is the glistening stables, with its white pillars and landscaped stables — enough to house 100 horses — that is the right of way of the apartment houses, which are built in the sky, that makes the country estate a diamond.

They will not sell horses that have been ill or were bad for the horse business because they become no good if these animals. They won't sell horses that can't win races any longer and once bought a summa cum papa for a colt whose mother "wast broken."

One of McDonald's more relaxing hobbies is driving his collection of classic roadsters. The sunpera is controlled garage of Green Mountain house 30 cars. Their are five Buicks, including a 1910 Silver Ghost, a 1912 model 35-280 88 passenger 1926 Mercedes-Benz with a unique hand-made body, the 1928 1930 Frazer Type B originally built (part of a 1926) for Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, a 1939 Hispano-Suiza, a 1935 Kurtis Gold Star, and various Bentleys, Duesenbergs, and Alfa Romeos, and four convertibles. Cadillac, one of

which McDonald uses for his drives to the Angus Corporation head office in downtown Toronto.

His daily concern is one of the major businesses with the Green Meadow, consisting of acres discretely measured as it stands, not really greatly different from Bill McDowell's. I visited him to the same financial chamber in late 1935. His father was a prominent investment banker, had come to the McDowell Company, had given him a pack 1912 model 30/35 Remington Volcan. Easily capable of travelling faster than a mile a minute, the hand-built masterpiece in my memory was the top sport out of a day Bed. Bad was ill at the time. The ride McDowell had arranged for him to go to a doctor's job at Dominguez Seaside Campamento but there was a combine between the two men, and the doctor had to lead on take the patient down as far as the office or the family physician would dare to down, with his Peasant uniform legs, and so on." McDowell's members "So the day I reported for work as an office boy I started in the \$9,000 Vassell with the chiefness in his Peasant uniform and went in and down as a little cork with an assegai sign on top of it and an oxenroar to see if

over bedrock. They all did. I was the only one that didn't. We were 100% right. I quit the job of construction, but I still did it because I liked it better than coming to work. I was old enough to drive myself, but the bus that I was brought up with was that if you're not prepared to defend yourself then you're better not to do it. I was allowed to take the floatie chairlift every morning, providing, going off at the front door of the office. If I ever got out in the course and walked along to use the toilet, I'd have gone whaling — or my father would have been forced to come to use the chairlift again. But as long as I was prepared to stand up and take the chairlift, that could type him.

The senior McDougald's insistence that he not be allowed to do just about anything provided he was prepared to defend his actions produced an awkward atmosphere. He grew up in his father's Rosedale mansion and spontaneously attended one of Toronto's best private schools. He was enrolled at Upper Canada College from the time he was

per Chaitin's conjecture several times he remembered them mainly for going the rear aisle of Principia Mathematica. "Chippy" Chaitin's Model T is a two-seater so that when the uncommunicative minded would get into his car and gunned the motor the wheel just spun in the air until Bob cut him down. From the old Chippy never did catch on. The less patient little McDonald permanent secretary of the teaching profession. Whenever he takes note to show a student his education, he will confront with added

### The Argus Empire

Company	Number of common shares	Percentage of outstanding shares	Indicated market value
BC Forest Products Ltd.	580,000	6.65%	\$6,000,000
Domtar Stores Ltd.	3,000,000	23.85%	29,500,000
Douglas Ltd.	2,500,900	16.95%	55,000,000
Hedginger Mines Ltd.	1,842,000	18.25%	33,445,000
Maple-Ferguson Ltd.	2,856,300	15.65%	37,762,500
Standard Broadcasting Corp.	6,687,475	47.75%	20,492,000
<i>As at December 31, 1974</i>			\$172,199,500

As of December 31, 1972



sadness. "Left school at 14 and I've regretted it my life." Then, as the listener lowers his eyes in conscious acknowledgment of all those wasted years of wisdom, Bad McDougal delivers the punch line: "Stupidi mistake I ever made." *Stupidi* is a Sicilian word for "stupid."

They were working on a  
new put together." McDougald had been  
syndicate manager  
hired out his father's  
company, the valve  
company, in

brilliant company, emerged their assets split their needs, and became recognized as one of Bay State's shrewdest investors. His cash raising and his investments were so good that at one point he was able to attract Bank of Commerce, banking for a number that involved some \$100 million more than the bank's combined capital and reserves ("I never had any trouble getting money. My problem has always been getting something that was worth paying money into").

His designs were temporarily halted by a serious liver ailment in 1938. But he recovered and spent most of World War II in a kind of "hush-hush" and What Do You Think? "secret" book-making operation, which allowed him even deeper penetration of the Society's inner circles of influence. McDonald became known as the toughest member of the Canadian Statistical community ("I don't feel afraid," he says, "I mean I can't spike a spade and if something's wrong I take a tough position on it. I don't feel bad. But I wouldn't say that was *my* tough look.")

Harry Bawden recalls meeting Ted Gooderham at a bar at this time, when some of the Ontario liquor fortunes had just been to see McDonald. "I told him," reported Gooderham, "that I can remember when you were a boy. You used to say you'd make a million dollars. Well, you little bugger, you've done it!" And you know what Brad replied? "Well, don't forget this, Ted - it took me 17 years to learn how and five years to do it!"

The ascent of Ted McDonald into the atmosphere of the Canadian Establishment did not divide the administration of power from those who already began to give back to 1945 and the beginnings of his partnership with E. P. Taylor. Though they were not each other's ultimate favorites the two men understood and overcame much of their initial animosity and developed a symbiotic relationship that would prove to be the cornerstone of the Canadian oligarchy.

Eddie Taylor and I never had an agreement and we never had a dispute over money. We had plenty of arguments over policy, but never have I been defeated in my life by anybody. Maybe it's because I was always able to know who I was dealing with. I always went on the principle if a written agreement was necessary it wasn't worth bothered with."

McDonald made the news earlier this year when he rebuffed a takeover attempt at Argus by Paul Desmarais, the chairman of Power Corporation, in Montreal. "Nobody can buy into Argus unless we want to sell it to him," McDonald has always insisted.

Desmoneau had originally accounted 10,075 of Argus common stock on the open market through one of his subsidiaries (Showman Industries) from 1965 to 1968, then he wanted to be listed on the board. Nothing happened.

Chairman arrived a few moments later, so down in McDougald's living room, and past to the point, he was about to launch a \$150-million bid for control of Angus. His bid should lead the Toronto holding company's shareholders in accepting his offer of \$22 for each common share (then trading at \$15.25/\$16.50 and \$17 for each Class C preferred share), then share 3.12/3.50 McDougald was flabbergasted. "I said, 'Pest, for God's sake, don't bother asking with me Angus isn't for sale.' I'm going to stick with it and you may care to my — it so, and when that happens I've got to get out in your way, I'm afraid." And he took him to the Evergreen Club, which had issued to a friendly hand and afterward I dropped him on Worth Avenue where he wanted to do some shopping. And that was the end of that.

Last evening, W. G. "Bill" Clark of Chats Peabody, the Arrow Shirt people, the Englebald Club president, suddenly died and McDonald, who is not only a governor of the club but also a director of the institution that controls it, became pre-empted with choosing a successor. Picking a new head of the Englebald is a process only slightly less formal than deciding the papal successor in Rome. Club governors meet in solemn session on the club's parlor floor, a day or two after the deceased's passing, and one is allowed to speak then. Delegates telephoned the club on Monday evening to inform McDonald that he was responding with his best efforts the

Angus chairman's warning. But the Englewood squad refused to put him through. He left a number, and when McDonald finally called him to return to a payphone in the Palm Beach County Flying Club, the one he had been using, he was told he had to pay a \$100 fine. The Englewood club, however, had no record of this player being a member.

Angus' attorney, the one he had engaged in New Jersey, was the same one who had represented him in the Englewood dispute. That player was represented by McDonald from the Englewood Field II in Glendale. McDonald's lawyer has five seats in a box, a bar, a kitchen, and a complete stereo system. He landed at the Palm Springs airport in California and was immediately driven to the El Dorado Golf Club at Palm Desert. He remained there for most of the next month, living in a villa he had to rent from the Calgary chairman. He had only his suitcase was随身行李. Leon was the name of the man who had been in charge of the El Dorado club when McDonald was there. Leon's son, who came to play golf at the El Dorado Club on March 22, demanded that McDonald leave again. On the evening of March 24, to advise the Angus chairman that his lawyers had held him to their negotiations in the SEC, McDonald paid another visit, explained that as far as he was concerned no negotiations had taken place and hung up.

At 11:12 a.m. the following day, with no advance notice, Power launched an air raid on Argus. By the time the incendiary charges exploded, a hole in the ceiling, Argus threw three incendiary bombs and the explosion which had jumped a dollar and a half off the stock price at the close of trading at 25 cents a share. Power commented that the 32-second lag between the first and second bombs was the time it took the fire department to get to the building. He said he had, in those comments, 100 seconds, already decided he would be the eventual winner in the contest of Gladstone vs. Grouard. The Power offer blew up into a major political issue and Prairie Trudeau established royal commissions to examine "the economic and social implications for the public interest of major concentrations of corporate power in Canada."

"I kept asking people," McDougalid remembers, "what are you talking about? Right Power Corporation? There's no light. The bus was over! There ain't no light. And the bus was over! I don't know how anybody could live till he was 48 and be so naive and green in that stuff. The hoodooons of Power must be you. Ma Alice in Wonderland. It's just nonsense. Take a fellow like Earle



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McLaughlin (Chairman of the Royal Bank) like know the facts. The Royal Bank is our main banker right from the day Argos started. He's a director of Power One because he approved that deal. He loaned them the money."

What only McDougall's enemies attacked at the time was that even under the pressure of the *Desmarais* bid, McDougall had desperately wanted to keep the *Standard* intact and not let it be broken. The real reason he began to speak out was that the Power offensive at a particularly awkward moment for Argus, as four major deals were moving into their crucial stages of negotiation. Standard Broadcasting, controlled by Argus, had made a return takeover bid for Capital Radio, a large British private broadcaster aimed at the London market. Lord Macpherson, the chairman of Capital, and Lord Argus, the chairman of the independent *London Weekend Television* Association, threatened to break off the talks should the ownership of Argus change hands. At the same time, in Canada, Standard had made a \$10-million bid for *Broadnet* Communications in Ottawa.

Step-Ferguson, McDonald was able to negotiate with "Eddie" Knudsen, head of the White Motor Corporation, for a large diesel plant at Clinton, Iowa, which he wanted as an alternative source of engines to Maybach's little-known but in Pforzheim in Prussia.

The most delicate bargaining of all concerned the 16 million Massey-Ferguson agricultural tractors he preferred, then due to be造出. Wood, Crowley, and his son, the shareholder, John, had been in touch with the steel mill at all times, particularly, to Polar Beach, where several of Massey's tractors were spending the winter, to keep up the demand. "There was a whole army of people in my house," McDonald recalls. "Because the take-over was being overhauled, the market situation was

beginning to get worried about making contributions on these shows. That was May 1968. And because of the Arab Spring, and that fact that was one thing, and under the other group, it might be something else. Well, there I was, sitting at Pines Roads with some of the Money division and negotiating on the amounts and the price. And as we talked, the thing was ailing further, until finally the spontaneous people claimed the bank could well sell 550 million. 'Well,' I said, 'that's just an insult to Money. But let's get the thing cleaned up. If you'll willing to take on some kind of a malice'.

not been seen in major management since 1959 but in the public mind remained as personally Canadian business power and prestige, openly joined the Gray Assembly, Taylor had been in on the

and from the beginning, when he married Demerara and Lord Hardinge's Nassau estate early in March. Captain Charles Hastings (whose dates from 1848 when Field Marshal Harry Hastings was named Governor)

in Power Corporation, but it is not clear that the announcement should wait until after the close of the stock market. The story is a pig and should be told in the evening, well after the market has closed. When it breaks, McDougall should make a comment. "Mr. Taylor is here to do what he wishes. He's over a year late," he says. The Taylor Foundation, which also received a pledge by him to turn over 1,000 shares of Angus common stock to Desmarais in June if it doesn't receive the expected \$14.5 million after closed, holds only 100 common shares that have not yet been converted, through 3,837,382 Class C shares.

He was named in, giving McDonald 30% of the total rated participating equity stock in Argus, but not control, since the class C shares carry no votes. The cost of cost Power share \$30 million before he and his wife left, \$20 million before he and his wife left. McDonald says he ought to have earned only one of his McDonald's 30 million stock certificates. On the site of each village, he says, a small 300-acre plot is part of McDonald's cost of \$30 million. McDonald's costs, according to a 1984 annual report, were

Paul DeMeo's official statement on this issue is that "During the winter of 1975, Bud and I met frequently at Malibu Beach. I made a number of financial proposals and Bud told me that he had received many other offers. I am however, that all of these had been informal and that I would bring him

final proposal approved, I gave my head-  
line in March. I gave him our first-  
class office which he undercut to present  
to his board. He did, however, present  
to me that, if the offer became public in  
the interim, he would do it. I explained  
to my board, after the final proposal was  
approved, that the offer would be made  
as soon as possible. I also explained that  
it would be made as soon as possible. For example, we had an in-  
terim chairman of the CRC but we  
were talking. I expressed the hope that  
we would phone him directly in Jan-  
uary, February, and the Business in-  
comes as possible and give me a copy in  
order to avoid the possibility of a leak. But  
it would take some time to reach  
the directors so that we would have to  
take the risk of leaks. We know the in-  
dustry. Power new even over 50% of the  
industry in Argyle, without taking control  
of the company. The chairman of the  
board of directors of Argyle will always act as  
the last barrier of all the shareholders.

McDonald will expand most of his base on Argosy aircraft, though he also runs Cessna Trail, a division of both Langmuir Company Limited (the world's largest manufacturer of electric aircraft) and Avco Corporation, a huge U.S. conglomerate whose subsidiaries include large defense plants, radio and TV stations, a cryptic east system (Cetes planchet), as well as land development projects, consumer finance and insurance.

McGoldrick's political creed, though, may be too broad a category for it. I think of a simpleminded loathing of state intervention in any form. "There's no percentage in being paternalistic," he continues. "I mean, some of the most wonderful things I know started with pushing and have done pretty well, and they're not socialist. A lot of the people that inherited large sums of money are very sympathetic, but they never give anything away. I've found that out. I've watched them pretty carefully. Mem-

## The McDougald Empire

## Chlorophyll

Corporation	Value
Dominion Stores Ltd.	185
Standard Broadcasting Ltd.	248
General Estates Ltd.	16
Macmillan-Ferguson Ltd.	15
Hollinger Miner Ltd.	3,614
Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce	10,208
Dominion Life	683
St. Lawrence Corp.	160
Avco Corp. (Greenwich, Conn.)	1,500
Labrador Mining and Exploration Co.	68
Sangoma Co. Ltd.	30
Stone and Webster Canada Ltd.	2
Crown Trust Co.	311
First National Bank (Vancouver, Fla.)	759
Wingfield Corp. (Vancouver, Fla.)	10
Wingfield Corp. (Vancouver, Fla.)	36,382



son of the second generation have a simpler, less refined sense of something, they're assistance uncertain, because they'd do it on their own, so they're trying to pass it by, but they never say this of course many times. Because he made most of his own decisions, he's not afraid to do the right thing as an adult.

He was having dinner with Bobby Kennedy at the Everglades Club. When the conversation turned to some a few days later, in a political intragenerational dialogue, DeMolay pretended to go along with the lecture. In mock seriousness he commented that he'd finally seen the connection that he'd finally seen the connection that he didn't do something because all the social needs the young Kennedy had been having. "I put Bobby in the spot that night," he remembers with some relief. "I said, 'You just have everything I ask up for you, and I'll switch.' We'd give it all to you, your phone and that will not be a good exchange. For inside others, but I didn't say very much in favor of that, but

know that, isn't it wonderful to be so lucky to have that talent, to be able to play so much?

"Well, I said, 'I've got a little special news on that one. I see that bird the morning at seven o'clock, and if you think he got up by having talent, you're all wrong. He had his dinner, he went to sleep, and I saw him doing his usual seven o'clock this morning. And that's why he's drawing \$100 a month.'

Relaxing with a friend, he will tell the

# MARIE-CLAIRES BLAIS IS NOT FOR BURNING

The novelist must suffer, but not constantly  
BY MARGARET ATWOOD

**M**arie-Claire Blais' first novel, *La Belle Rive*, appeared in 1985. The cover of the McClelland and Stewart translation, *Most Shallow*, had a picture of a blonde, spattered face, and of course I read it instantly. It's a grassy site where her son, ugly but passionate, has just about everyone, including her own child, gleefully shoves his idiot brother's head into a vat of bubbling water; then turns down her mother's house with the mother in it. The book made me very angry. For more than the obvious reason, the violence, the murders, suggestions of incest and the hallucinatory intensity of the writing were not Canadian farenews in those days, but even so was the thought that this bloodthirsty, fleshy, as well as a possessive verbal skill, were the products of a girl of 19. I was 19 myself, and with some, for example, like her.

The success of *La Belle Rive*, as well as the fact that it was translated and well received in "English" Canada, created some of Quebec's literati. It seemed apparent that a girl with no advanced education, who had left school at eleven or more and type in offices and who was reported to keep her manuscripts in a closet, should appear out of nowhere and land dead center in the spotlight. It was too ridiculous. Some pretended a belated literary career, but others dismissed her as a mere child prodigy who would burn out quickly and disappear as child prodigies ought to.

In the 15 years since that time, Marie-Claire Blais has become one of the best known and certainly the most awarded Quebec writer alive. Her work has been translated into 12 languages, and she's won two of France's most coveted literary prizes as well as a Guggenheim Fellowship. Her output has been prodigious, if I include one play, one radio drama, and a television script, in addition to a dozen novels.

Although I had admired her writing

for many years, I did not meet Marie-Claire Blais till recently. I wasn't sure who to expect. Based on the picture on her books, with their intensely wavy hair, suffocating and wispy characters represent serum and kill each other, geometry, jump from behavior, primitive shamanism, wanton animals and phallosope, while reflecting on the transience of joy, the necessity of rebellion and the art of pain, she ought to have been either a wulfish creature with dolorous eyes or a cross between a sun-sever and doom-haunted, and a Randekarian somnolic burning with a hard pinkish flame. Today is frightening, and when you've read a particularly grueling and effective book it's hard to resist the temptation to mix-in some of the characters' domineering energies in the author's countenance. Agatha Christie hasn't committed 50 oink murders, though she's written about 50, and many of those remorseless psychopaths are as vicious as were her first. Still, when it comes to uncalled-for serum, there's the anti-bioprophetic factory route, its bright source or later and we project into the author, and take an internal breath, those snoggy images he or she has created. I've had that done to me so often that I should have been well aware of the difference between fiction and those who make them still, I may have been expecting the wail of the early print coverage or the scathing denunciations of the more sour of the novels. Otherwise I would not have been quite so surprised by the reality.

I orally she was almost as nervous about me as I was about her, understandably, since I was playing interviewer and she's not afraid of interviewing. (Neither am I so we spent much of the interview talking about the evils of interviews, after that we both felt better.) At this was she was still living in Paris, and being treated as an iconoclast by her publisher's representatives who was away from home as dis-

play and in a foreign country (Ontario). Nevertheless, she was nothing like the image I had in my head, which had consisted of her

instead I found her a perceptive and lively professional woman with a sense of humor. Unlike her characters, she doesn't dress in black, limp or interfere in buildings, and if there are smoldering embers of passion within they are well concealed. We discussed the myth that journalists have created of her and I finally admitted that I too had expected — well, something a little more like her characters. She is fully aware that people who have never had her expect her to be depressed, frightening in word (me) orague, doing a story, told a photographer, "Take something serious, you know, no smile." She views this attitude with mixed feelings: "Of course one must suffer," she said with a melancholic smile, "but not continually."

Life wasn't always as relentlessly pleasant and easy for her as it is now. The person I met had behind her many years of hard work, some hard times and a diversity of experience. She grew up in a Quebec City working-class family, the oldest of five. She left school at 15, worked at odd jobs and wrote on the side, she also matriculated as an extension student at Laval, a move that led to her "discovery" by one of her professors and then to the publication of her first novel.

Despite her literary success, the material conditions of her life didn't change much ("Except," she says, "it gave me hope"). It wasn't till a year later when a Canada Council grant took her to Paris, that she was able to devote all her time to writing. And it was a while before her family was able to accept her chosen profession as a respectable one.

But Paris didn't turn out to be the Mecca she might have been hoping for

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDIO



Margaret Atwood is the author of two novels, several volumes of poetry and *Survival*, a study of Canadian literature.

She lived in one of those old, mouldering Paris rooms so nice as no noisome when you rest about there, so chilly and damp when you're actually in one. Literary circles were exactly as very colorful and finely dressed, especially to young unknowns with Quebec accents. As the points out, the Quebec literary Renaissance — as presented in France — had not yet occurred, and Quebec was finally regarded as too provincial to be worth notice. Things have changed since then, but Quebec literary circles still for the most part stick to their roots. As for the *Journal des Femmes* (now *Le Journal des Femmes*), it's a Quebec publication that's the *Paris Littéraire* of Quebec — it brings in something — though she had some friends in Paris, they were all from Quebec. In fact, her experiences were similar to those of the English Canadian writers and writers who stuck to London in the fifties and early sixties, only to find themselves living with other Canadians in East Coast "It was an effort," she says, "not without irony."

**I** life in Paris was strange, life at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was even stranger. She moved there in 1962 on a Guggenheim Fellowship, knowing almost no English. She spent her time writing, reading in Webster Library — everything from Juana Avila to modern American novels — and trying to find people who would talk with her so she could learn the language. She did this very well, and soon found good English, though she ate a French meal every day. She was soon accepted into the panel of her first thesis, the one Edith Wilson, who liked her work and praised it highly. But was pleased by Edith Wilson can be dangerous — Morley Callaghan, her adviser, three years of vigorous, stern attack from Canadian colleagues who were enraged by the fact that Wilson compared her to Turgenev — but it doesn't seem to have damaged her, as she has dedicated her latest book to her memory. Cape Cod proved more appealing than Cambridge, as it provided an artistic community of sorts, and it also lived there until 1971. After the American experience, the love on a seven-year tour in Britain, with a group of friends.

Her long absence from Quebec was not deliberate and certainly not due to any prejudice against her native province, but like some Quebec English-Canadian writers, she's returned after an absence of some measure to not being on the scene.

"It's a home," she says, adding, "Whatever country you are in, your own is perhaps most real."

The second time I saw Marie-Clare,

she was very much in her element. We met in a bar in Montreal, a dark, smoky, noisy dive underneath the Queen Elizabeth Hotel near the railroad station. It wasn't one of her usual bars, she emphasized, but she was about to take a joint. She was sitting in her smoking jacket and watching the people and she was much more relaxed and animated than I'd been in Ontario. The lateness of the hour might have had something to do with it, or it's a night person and she'd gone to bed before eight in the morning. She's always in places with doors, she said, and she did.

By then she'd had a few more back to Quebec and had settled down to a double life. She lives in a chosen Montreal apartment in an old building and commutes to a library firm in the Eastern Townships which she shares with friends. That's why she was taking a train. She's never learned to drive, somehow, though never been to the U.S. "There must be something wrong with the *adrenochrome*," she said after we'd compared all the women we knew who'd never learned.

"Of the car?" I asked.

"No, of the winter."

She does, however, drive a Vespa. I didn't know what that was, so she explained it to me: it's a sort of bicycle with a motor, and I intend to get one. I've never learned to drive either.

How did it feel being back in Quebec after so many years? "I'm still dry," she said. She finds Quebec very busy after France; she's already involved in a cooperative writing group — "not a pressure group," though, and she's hard at work on another novel, called tentatively *Over Eastern Province*, which she says is a semi-critical analysis of the French literary life and the Quebec romantic view of art. Because of all the activity, her apartment, she claimed, was "the nest of a rat."

"But a happy rat," a friend qualified, and the friend, she's clearly pleased to be back, and full of enthusiasm for Quebec. "There's a great joy," she says, "you can have from people here."

**F**or her there are two Quebecs. There's the old one, characterized by beauty, suffering, repression, by those indomitable men and slightly odd people, those bolding, child-bearing farmers and timbermen who poor that have some of her earlier books, especially *A Source In The Life Of Edmund* and *The Moonover Of Pasture Avenue*. This was, at least partly, the Quebec of her own conservative education. For her it was accuracy that specialized in judging and condemning. That Quebec ceased to be 10 or 15 years ago. "It's gone and died," she says, with no regret at all.

"Very well, good-bye." The new Quebec, she thinks, is a far different place, vibrant, a good place to be. "Quebec is a very free society now," she says. "The problem is not censorship — but to be censored."

The new Quebec is also very politically aware, but when I asked her about her own political views she drew a line which the winter comes, it seems, at her heart. "A writer is a writer, a writer is a writer. You can take a stand, but if you are involving yourself in politics it's like you are being a moral policeman. Dogmatism closes a writer off."

Having read a passage in one of her novels in which some feminist women's libbers name the local town's god, I wonder whether her feelings toward women's lib' ended there. Not at all. Although she can take a stand, she claims, the novel is a tragic form and by its very nature requires a tragic sense of life. As she said, and was what about *Jane Austin*? Marie-Clare felt that since her time the world has become more tragic — and that imagined happy endings would be a form of literary dishonesty. What about happiness, joy, optimism? "Silly," she said, "use, use, use, elaborate in living."

Her work, like is almost unique among "woman writers" in that many of her protagonists are men — one is even a male homosexual — and of the women, most are housewives. She explained that when she's writing a novel in the French novel-of-life tradition, concerned with philosophical concepts rather than characters, she doesn't let the plot's ends predetermine the keep the "parts." If she has a woman protagonist, the book would have to compromise itself with women's special problems. Also, she finds it almost impossible for other people to regard her as a writer, not as a "woman writer." She doesn't like categories that find her sex or ethnicity and, in a sense, her work defines them. I asked, tentatively, about the homosexual in *The Wolf*, the dog and rapist in *David Stern*. One old interview had already asked her how she could write about such things without having experienced them, had the by any chance, even been a homosexual? "Not yet," she said with a twinkle "but that will come, no doubt!" More seriously, the end, "Silly" is not impossible to project your imagination into the mind of someone else — a very succinct definition of the art of fiction writing.

What brought an inevitably back to the books that huge mound of books? how does she do it? She works in short

bursts rather than steadily. Longhand or typing? "Ah," she said, "it's switch-type! You must not forget I worked as a secretary once." She's subject to depression, which is one reason she tries to live in fairly isolated places. Writing is for her a joy, but an exacting one, it takes time and concentration, and there are no extreme highs. If writing is a joy, what about the enjoyment in her books? It took me several more to figure that question, and we talked our way through its implications at some length. She obviously feels that joy is part of the eternal human condition, though only a part. And she felt, then, that happiness was the goal and, presumably, the outcome, but that her books represent a depressed or depressed view of the world. She explained the novel is a tragic form and by its very nature requires a tragic sense of life. As she said, and was what about *Jane Austin*? Marie-Clare felt that since her time the world has become more tragic — and that imagined happy endings would be a form of literary dishonesty. What about happiness, joy, optimism? "Silly," she said, "use, use, use, elaborate in living."

**T**he third time I saw her, she wasn't celebrating, she was being celebrated. She was at a dinner being given in her honor by Algonquin College at York University, which was to grant her an honorary degree the next day. She was also supposed to give a speech, however, the thought of this had made her nervous. She'd written the speech in French, but Barry Callaghan, her longest friend, was going to read it for her, in translation. This evening he was sheepishly her about passionately through the crowd of adoring Anglo.

She was surrounded by a lot of people she didn't know and who knew her only through her books. It was the old problem: were they respecting her to be one of her own characters? Did they think she was going to show Barry Callaghan her head in a vat of baking water or set fire to York University? What do you say to an image? Worse still, what do you say to a lot of people who think you are an image? Most of the women were in long gowns with bare shoulders. Marie-Clare was wearing a simple denim peasant, in the bad bad every time I'd seen her, and she looked dismayed.

When she saw me she looked even more dismayed. "Are you yes here?" she said. She obviously felt this sort of socializing was not what a writer should be doing.

"You invited me," I said, remembering my own honorary degree received in an unappropriate garment.

"But I did not think you would come."

"I've been through it," I said. ♦

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# GOD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

Gordon Sinclair, at 75, has no regrets

When Gordon Sinclair joined the *Toronto Star* in 1952, he was 21 years old. Since then, he's been around the world three times, written 500 columns, books and reviews of international reputations as a novelist, biographer and television host. At 75, he has only a few regrets: "I've been to a lot of places, but I've never been to one I've never regretted being there. But it's 50 years since I've ever crossed Gordon Sinclair's list of being sick." Here is that excerpt from his forthcoming memoirs (to be published by McClelland and Stewart in the fall). Sinclair remembers about his early days in the *Toronto Star*, recently privately printed versions from his world sojourns — and looking back across the decades — offers a kind of summation and celebration for the life he has lived:

Lots of years have been written about Ernest Hemingway and the *Toronto Star*. My memoirs certainly illustrate Hemingway's inability to answer any direct question.

"Hey, Ernie, did you hear the fight last night?"

"I wasn't there." We knew he wasn't then because the fight was in Uruguay. "My Hemingway, how you finished as editor for the *Havana Star*?"

"I'm writing on it."

"Look, Ernie, this argument about picking up girls on the boardwalk: are you sure you want to do it?"

"The boardwalk? Oh, the boardwalk, the one at Steinbeck's? It made no difference what anybody asked him, he didn't give a 'yes' or 'no'."

He'd be alone, walking, in a trench coat with hood. Miserable on the boots, sometimes loose, sometimes after he walked heavy, never seemed lighter as he free. When Mortley Coghill knew of him out boozing in Paris, and P. D. Buitrago wrote about us, and Hemingway didn't even mention it in *A Moveable Feast*, some people seemed puzzled. Not me. The guy had no grace on his feet and he never, even as a joke, put the knock on himself.

Hemingway went to Childs cafeteria in the morning, where you had to buy breakfast. But Ernie got service in

the morning. He'd go out there with his manuscript and sit down in a cubicle for six and half hours making notes on his manuscript, which would bring him insurance, tea and coffee. He got better and better on the manuscript and next edition of that would be brought. Often he was a last and always the heavy boots and heavy dark mustache, no beard. The book was *The Sun Also Rises*.

Other people would join him, but if anybody asked Hemingway a question he'd get due evasiveness, as it was that natural way to reply to anything.

"New York says you're doing a novel about Spain . . . is that the novel?"

"A man got lost but Good men, bad men."

"Do you need a license to fish in Spain?"

"Good man, fast streams high up. Dark trout, nearly black."

I went to say No answers — more evasiveness, too.

The oft-written anecdote of Hemingway's modesty about the model he used for *A Moveable Feast* is another standard. "World War I was a fight. The guy said and those models in his pocket — just happened to have them there."

Hardbunch of the *Star* had a hard time for what he called press dreams, anybody who was bigger than his brother. That was pleasure that he used, and they certainly fitted his attitude toward Hemingway. "He didn't," wrote Hemingway on the *Star*. Hemingway went on the *Star* and still working in Paris, and when they decided to build at 10 King Street West, and needed to get things quickly, they called him home to Toronto. Hardbunch wasn't very keen to have him on staff and to be given his pretty insignificant assignments. I remember one where he was to go to Steinbeck with a message — that is, a gift from the *Star*. She was to walk along the boardwalk, and let somebody agitate her and pick her up. It was considered very daring in those days, and Hemingway was to be a little behind and write the story of how it happened . . . a pretty in-

significant story for a son of his reputation and success. Remember, at this time, he had written his good short stories — *The Killers*, *Men Without Women*, and most of those real good, pretty short stories. These were behind him, and yet he was drawing small salaries.

Na, Hemingway made an impression when he was in *Star*.

The other Hemingway made no impression when he was in *Star*. Hemingway with a mustache could find no Hemingway-type worth a damn. His best was about fighting the Americans in the mountains. That page later turned up in *A Farewell To Arms*.

All through the paper there are clausen by Greg Clark, who edited Hemingway, and by Mortley Callaghan, who did not. But Hemingway himself, either through boredom or inability, was only going through the motions, with little passion or fire.

I am sure Hemingway was affectionate toward Greg. In fact, I don't know anybody in the whole world who was not. Greg Clark is a fellow who warms toward people and people warm toward him. And certainly Hemingway found in him a confidant. If you were so lucky, Greg would be the drift about Hemingway. I think he was, but he was slightly, but only slightly, less enthusiastic about him than he was when they worked together. But there was an affection between the two and Hemingway's son, born in Toronto, was called Gregory. He is named after Greg Clark.

No picture and no words can possibly do justice to the joy of slogging travel on the great passenger liners of the '20s when you moved in the line the age and economic classes that I did.

Being born in 1900 I was then in my thirties — perhaps the best of all one's decades. Because of the Depression and its aftermath, you could get the best accommodations and service at reasonable or even abnormally low prices. Nothing was crowded — neither ships nor trains nor boats. You could get aboard the *Eu de France* or book a room at the Grande Bretagne in Athens without advance reservation. When you arrived at a Euro-

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW HILL



Two girls were selected for my sexual needs, but despite some kidding and references to my masculinity I turned down both

train railway station, lots of posters in uniform, such as a soldier, sailor or horse-drawn van, were there to meet you in almost any language.

I was of working-class background, public school education, and on a salary that ranged between \$30 and \$125 a week I lived like a shark.

Let me tell you about my first trip around the world, a voyage that probably—although I'm not certain—made me the first reporter ever sent around the world by a newspaper.

Our destination was Liverpool, England, on the side veranda of the Tresorada Hotel in Brighton. Next door there were a lot of kids playing I didn't recognize anyone until they started speaking English. The more I listened, the more I wondered who they were, so I sauntered onto their play area and saw a bear sign on the side of the house—CONCORDE OF THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

I asked the kids what time Dad came home, and they told me he came home at different times, but he always went away at six in the morning. A car came for him.

Next morning I interrupted him and said I was anxious to get some news and would it be necessary to go into his office in the city or did he ever arrive early at the house? Rather frostily, he spread the word that he never did breakfast in there. I was impelled to ask why, then, did he have a house place on the door, a flag flying from the window?

Gradually I didn't know where the control was all about at the office, suggesting that I add Indo-China (now Vietnam), Morocco (then a French protectorate), Madagascar and Algeria to the list, for which I'd come. Then I remembered that for several years the Star had been trying to cover the penal colony, Devil's Island, of French Guiana. Was it always been refused or, as they usually did, reluctantly put it, "Hold in abeyance until a more suitable time?"

So I asked this control in Bangkok if there were such a thing as an all-india-area stamp to cover all French colonies? He looked up a lot of papers, called the embassy and said, "Why not?"

There was no rubber stamp to cover such a vast land but he used paper seals and something resembled the pink flag, and I came away with a visa that made the newspaper men money that anything else I was to write.

The "All Colours" visa was good for three years, but I was in no hurry to use it. That could be insurance for some day when excepted stories might be scarce. However, I decided to leave Thailand

and that offered a temporary problem I planned to cut through the paperless and rubber phenomena of Malaya by rail, but when I went to buy a ticket, I was told I needed an visa.

The Foreign Office was nearby so I walked there and handed in the passport for an exit permit. A shiny young man went through the papers and asked when I'd arrived. I didn't know the exact date.

"How did you serve?"

"By Blue Printed Line from Singapore."

"Your passport shows no place or date of arrival. Where did you stay?"

"At the Tresorada hotel at the border of Rangoon because—"

That time I was the visitor and I was treated with enthusiastic welcome. The two officers from the ship and I were taken up a winding path to a communication office, desk, holding baggage (like a room), and restaurant. For the man, who must have had many lonely weeks, it was a classic example of making the best of a bad drift.

There were servants galore: shoeshiners, laundrymen, divers, cooks, dishwashers, gardeners and lots of male courtesans. Each of these young men seemed to have one or more missives, peals, man-haircut, obsequious and very feminine. I was assigned a room and someone went above the business of selecting a girl or two girls, for my arrival. I was told that the girls were selected for that sort of thing. Although the father of this childless, I was a dry leave and probably capable of blushing. The girls offered were sensitive enough if you like dolls without a hint of character, and there was a sort of holding and reliance to lack of masculinity when I depicted against any chevre.

It was not so much embarrassing as angry I could speak no Japanese and had happened before and was to appear again, so an assignment to intimate sharing with someone to whom I couldn't speak. Nevertheless, one of these girls, scented and clean and always smiling like a robot, followed me to the room assigned to me, poured water into a basin, turned down the bed, unpacked my kit and laid out a dinner jacket.

Downstairs there was a long table with especially fine, otherwise, softly moving screens and pictures of King George V and Queen Mary I wanted the big looking, for a fainting fit, the shirt I saw and the two smaller ones, the shirt I seemed to like a gentlemanly look for, but from design, was never.

That was a false impression. For a reason that is not clear in me at that moment, a group of young courtesans chose decided to bat me. "You color

the simple thing came to about seven dollars, plus a six rate like town and I was on my way.

Blame, in Burma, set in a house surrounded by high green hills. There was a sort of town and a couple of buildings from which floated the Union Jack. A group of young men, who looked like musical concert members of remote places, were at the door to my room in the one-story-walk shop which brought mail from Rangoon or even London, and, necessarily, a visitor.

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About the same time as I was debating whether to take another tranquilizer, I'd read about how cocky and self-reliant I was

He then stood up and moved toward the bushes. I thought I was in for it. He sat. He moved my hat indicating beyond doubt he had seen the postal stamp, then faced me and said, "If you have a good home, illegally, there is a way for you to reduce expenses without penalty. If you should be stranded and have a pony, you still have luggage should new day(s) of travel. You could take the pony there, then put all the luggage and eat closer the luggage. Just set it on the same spot, or enough time to Canada. It could save a lot of bother."

Within an hour the parcel was in the luggage, bound for Cincinna. The luggage arrived after I was home. But the parcel was missing.

As I write this it's about five thirty on a mostly moonless night, and I'm perched on rocks overlooking Lake Muskoka, some 140 miles north of Toronto.

Down the lake, two lions are trying their lonely salutes so close. We used to have many lions, then they gradually disappeared (that last summer when we came back). That may be the same ones. They are lions and remind me that nearly all my travel was done alone like those lions I seem uncomfortable around when

And it seems to me that learning, education — finding one's way in the world — can only be done alone. Not to isolate, I don't mean this. Gaining and having the strength to take one's own decisions and choose independently, that's what I mean. And "education," as if it's academically understood, does not necessarily a person's independence and

I had a conversation with Burns Tradition on that very point. I don't know what it was I said to him—something to the effect that we could certainly not come in a telephone. He was a

only not very good," says the French Minister of Canada, and here I was with learned schooling. He said, quite explosively, "Jacques, hell! You're one of the best educated fellows in the whole damn country. You've gone around and done things and some things." And in a way that's true.

though, they'd be finished and awaiting. Wrong: they talked about bad roads, costly repairs for their trucks, unfairly high, tagging weives and how prices

And yet so many jobs now demand a degree before a person will be even interviewed as an applicant in my own field, journalism, you couldn't get into a proper big newspaper unless with a grade eight education, such as I have, and such as the basic repertoire of my generation had. Today you wouldn't even be considered without a bachelors' degree. But education isn't doing all that much for students' self-confidence.

important away from them — self-preserve, individuality. Whatever it is they gain, they lose contact with the world.

If you're going to become a veterinarian, as a physician, any of these skilled professions, you must of course go to university. Anybody would be a fool in my book who could learn that on his own. But ever-evidently for the general public has gone past two days for A.R.A., what good is it? You might just as well be me. I was rightly generalized both at home and to my work. If you missed a day and were sick, you were looked at as a piker. I missed what they call *breakfast today*, but on the other hand I enjoyed discipline, and I think the young doctors of today would enjoy some—because, I mean, there's those

And I don't attach so much importance to possessions and money, either. You reach a certain point I've got boats and can and summer houses and all the rest of that jazz. It can become a burden. A burden of possessions — that's one of *Great Clark's* lessons.

A lot of people go to physicians and run to their doctors or somebody to be straightened up in their own minds as to what they are, or where they're going, or what they want. I was through that period and it was terrible. I didn't seek any professional advice but I used it any and first people to ask if I were having the asthma attacks less. I read books that contradicted each other, read newsletters and the bottle. Just

During this period I sometimes read about myself in bushy cocky, self-satisfied and there I was. *Debutante* helped temporarily but afterward self-doubts grew worse.

several, and every time I was drinking whether to take another tranquilliser.

Keep on getting higher on the field.

I went back to that place several times, gradually beginning to see their problems and then forgetting my own, which were fairly imaginary anyhow. One day a guy came over and said, "Hey, are you Gordon Sessoms?" I said I was and he brought me a bear. After that several others bought me beers and the next time I went to half the place was a bear as big as I didn't go back anymore. I had in love with myself and someone old was out of it.

You've got to be yourself, to live with yourself, and you're never going to get rid of yourself. No matter where you go, and I've been lots of places you might think. You can tell when you're being sort of a hatch on a board, as I have certainly been at times, and you don't have to tell that. And certainly I don't have any grudges against anybody. I have probably been criticized and damned about and found fault with as much as anybody in Canada outside of politics.

The interesting thing about it is that when people call you a Turk, a pig or at worse you don't have to do anything about it. There is nearly always a dodger, and the odder you get the warmer the defense or at least the acceptance, by others.

When these woods are real, of all kinds, I'll be 15 or more. A bit shaky, sometimes, mostly frightened of my own shadow, but still a journeyman as opposed to the child hooligan regularly scared or heard on Canadian TV or radio. My wife has been an invalid for about a year and is as likely to walk again as we've ever had. A truly wonderful life. No longer could have had better.

The world has always had its doom  
crews (including howlers and peddlers of  
pessimism) and now they are in full cry  
but the human race is invincible and al-  
ways has been. Down deep in the hu-  
man spirit there is something enormous  
and wise and I am part of it.  $\diamond$

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# GOOD-TIME HAROLD

An audience with the Emperor of Maple Leaf Gardens  
BY ROY MACSKIMMING

The plump pillow-back fortress of Maple Leaf Gardens, squatting high on an oily block in mid-over To-ronto like something the glaciers left behind contains one NHL regulation-size hockey rink, 16,516 seats painted gold, red, blue, green and grey (most of them upholstered), dressing rooms, refreshment stands and ticket windows, and a sporting goods store. It also contains (and this isn't the least bit apparent from inside or out) an indigenously furnished apartment.

There's a bedroom with Wedgwood-blue broadloom, new beds with gold-trimmed blue spreads and matching canopy. The bathroom comes equipped with sauna, the kitchen with the latest appliances. There's a sitting room for sipping, and a small cigar office for smoking. In spite of its opulence the apartment is still modest because of all the photographs and other mementos framing it and jeweled walls — walls that slate back in reverse a small library (mostly paperbacks) and a four-panel bar.

The occupant of this other-apartment doesn't drink either. He prefers the hard candies, mints and chocolates that fill bowls placed strategically around the room, or the bottles of Frusca and Tab that crowd his refrigerator.

He is 61-year-old Harold E. Ballard and he was able to have squat quarters built for himself in Maple Leaf Gardens because he even the joint now valued at \$30 million) or at least 85% of it, which means he also owns the greatest business asset, the Toronto Maple Leaf hockey club.

Since his wife, Dorothy, died in 1969, Ballard has spent less time in the winter at his suburban Etobicoke home, the home that figured so prominently in his 1972 *Front-and-Dealt* book because he'd had a remoulade with Gardens' money and had to sell it all off to pay his taxes or the rent with the Leafs. The man who slept alone for a year in a meager dormitory room in Malvernian insulation (income tax-free) now has 14,000 people over for an evening of hockey, or 16,000

for a rock concert. The crowds screen just a few steps from his pillow.

On my way up the exterior to Ballard's office I passed Johnny Bower going down. Bower, whose sixty-plus-year-old heroes I'd observed for years when he was the Leafs' goalie, is a weary sort now. I wondered what he'd think of Alex Cooper, the ghoulish American who'd be filling the Gardens the following week, performing just about where Bower used to play with. Stripping off the escalator I flushed into the arena for a minute, to gaze at some hockey players circling the ice at the beginning of practice.

The first thing I said to Ballard was, "I was just watching the Marlies practice."

Ballard, poised on his chair with remarkable agility for a 61-year-old, looked at me with an appraising eye. "You'd think there were 10 Marlies," he quipped.

"You mean..."

"That's right. They're the Leafs."

"Well, I am strengthened," Ballard grunted reply. The yolk was half on me, but on himself. After all it was his team that was failing from contention. The Leafs would be eliminated from the Stanley Cup play-offs the next evening by the Philadelphia Flyers, four games to none.

Deep bulging creases run down either side of Ballard's mouth. He has more to thoughtful eye-contrasting wrinkles than the gullions and bunks and bomboms I'd been led to expect. At that first meeting he was dressed like a summer tourist in a short-sleeved navy-blue shirt, a white tie with big blue polka dots, teal-blue slacks and spotty two-tone shoes. It wasn't a costume calculated to distract attention from his formidable girth, but that's typical of the man: he looks very little leaves himself wide open to it. His face vulnerability, but he's not used to it in a sense, because he has the round self-satisfaction of a character who's rather smug, though with a hide-in-mischief

Harold Ballard appears? That rather squat, rather uncan, symbol of the grubby grasping tycoons?

But symbols aren't people, and Ball-

ard is as complicated and paradoxical as anyone else. He has reformed as in least one respect: having embarked on that most North American pastime, the diet, he has lost 40 pounds. But he still doesn't look remotely like the 18-year-old who set Canadian speed-skating records for 220, 460 and 880 yards ("I lost those records because everyone else in the races fell down," he explained), which gives you an idea of how fat he was before the diet. All the Frusca and Tab are sugar-free now.

"I used to drink 20 of these things a day," Ballard said, waving a paw toward a Coke. "It was nothing for me to eat a couple of pounds of ice cream in one day either. Anybody with a five-pound box of chocolates had to look out, he might get his pants dropped off."

Somehow all his excess weight has never slowed Ballard down. A typical itinerary for the past hockey season goes as follows:

In New York Sunday night for a Leaf game, a meeting with a player agent and a New York radio announcer the next morning, a flying trip with Leaf radio-voiced King Clancy to take in the men in Philadelphia that afternoon, back to New York and on to Dallas Tuesday morning, to look over player prospects from the Dallas Stars, to Las Vegas for pleasure that evening, on Wednesday for a Leaf game, followed by a fight on the Red Eye Special at midnight, arriving in Chicago at 5 a.m. and thence to Toronto by seven.

All this reinforces the image of Ballard as a self-aggrandizing opportunist, a 67-year-old Anglo-Saxon Daddy Kravitz. Indeed, when I was in his office he took a pause from his wood-paneled Red Leaf frame of *Front and Dealt* about the advertising contract that was up for renewal for the famous Maple Leaf calendar that hangs in numerous tatty barber and smoke shops in Ontario. Ballard told Foster: "I didn't care if *Export A* had the calendar for 30

ROY MACSKIMMING is book editor of the Toronto Star and author of *Front and Dealt*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALANIS BROWN



ROY MACSKIMMING is book editor of the Toronto Star and author of *Front and Dealt*.



"I knew they wanted to make an example of me at the trial, so I did what I thought they wanted me to do, and went to jail"

small expenses, from such gloriously large sums as house and carriage renovations to propane canisters such as motorbikes for his sons and limousine service at his daughter's wedding. The theft in question concerned cheques that Ballard had diverted to a private bank account, although they were issued to the Montreal security club owned by the Gideons.

During his trial, Crown prosecutor Clay Powell charged that Ballard had used Maple Leaf Gardens, a publicly traded company ("a private banking source") at "preposterous" funds from 1965 to 1986. In his final judgment, County Court Judge Harry DeYoung of Peterborough found "a clear pattern of fraud" throughout the evidence. Regarding the defence argument (by provincial Toronto counsel T. J. Bebbington) that Ballard had not known of the misuse of Gardens funds, Judge DeYoung stated: "The problem is, did Mr. Ballard know that this was occurring and was he party to it? In my view, the evidence is not open to any other rational conclusion but that he was."

Ballard served one year of his sentence before being paroled from Millhaven. He insists now that he has paid his debt to society and the Gardens — he made complete restitution of the money before entering the penitentiary — and the case is closed. He has no idea why people want to re-birth him, and he's right: it's not even clear if, for example, he should know that somebody who has made himself so vulnerable loses and thrives on publicity, must take the bad publicity with the good — and there has been plenty of good.

Second, and more important, there is something truly extraordinary about Ballard's trial and prison saga, namely that he went through a prolonged public humiliation and punishment. In year 1 as a prison long-haul at the end of your life that would have broken most other men, and come on the other end of Bloody but unbowed and, if anything, more determined than before.

It's precisely this, that upsets people. Suddenly, Ballard's notorious popular remarks about how contemptible and well-heeled he was at Millhaven and how he couldn't wait to get back made to the press while he was on a three-day pass, earned a public frown. Politicians and others dismissed that he had to be a criminal, with cell bars and restraints and forced and walled-in, to make him a lesser.

There is a conviction among people close to Ballard that he was set up

in a not really intended for Ballard, and that Ballard had been singled out by the authorities because of the international notoriety he enjoyed in so many people. But even Ballard doesn't deny doing the things he was charged with.

"Sure I had the Gardens pay for repairs to my car. I didn't know it was being paid off at first, that's what I systemically had been doing, but in the end I knew. But when I did it or the like, I was engaged in a pattern of basically criminal activities. I didn't fight it at the trial because I knew they wanted to make an example of me. So I did what I thought they wanted me to do, and went to jail."

And it wasn't, in fact, with a terrible experience compared to the embarrassing



officials were very kind to me. I wasn't treated as a very bad-nosed criminal. I was able to keep in touch with the Gideons by phone every day, and Clancy came down once or twice a week. There wasn't a day when he wasn't there. I mean, if a newspaper guy didn't come down, I was never lonely."

All of which makes it easier to understand how Ballard's psyche survived the experience. On top of that, he can now feel in his pulse a numeral blood spot certainly, an unforgivable suggestion. And on top of that, he had a job. He was kept busy looking after the inventory of prison supplies. He had an office, and a desk, and ledger books to keep.

Now among the photographs on Ballard's office walls are some color snapshots taken while he was at Millhaven. Ballard operating a front loader, smiling. He could be in the winter, wearing a yellow hat, but smiling. Ballard at his desk, just like at the Gardens, smiling. The interior of Harold's "cell" — a very bright bedroom decorated with a portrait of Dorothy that now hangs in his office.

Even in prison, Ballard was a boss. Ballard keeps these snapshots in a black binder, which also contains letters and press clippings from fans and people in former partner John Bessell (who when he helped to make over million dollars) and Toronto police chief Harold Adams, made and presented to him in 1987. Twice he honored the honour, first to tell me my words are read several of these letters aloud to me, his final chapter running along under the line, but powerful, never quivering slightly, not reading every word with passion, as if he'd never taken the trouble to read properly or perhaps because he'd remembered the letters from so many repetitions and wasn't really reading at all.

For the first time in my presence he looked his age, an old man sincerely justifying his life through the words of others. For a moment he seemed to bear Con Seydel's description of him as "a re-incarnation of the old person — the buccaneer who went where they wanted and believed other ships and took what they could get, knowing full well the penalty was death."

It's an overly romantic description, no doubt. Ballard once called Seydel "a miserable old bastard" in print.

But Ballard has had at least two genuine soloops with details, both during the 1980s. One concerns when he became friendly with a giant porcupine. The Canadian National Exhibitions had been up with him "as do a few birds." They didn't gain enough should (Ballard's extra weight) and he was top bracket at a tree at the edge of a farmer's field. Both men were leashed out of the open cockpit. Ballard soared through the air like a bird and landed on a hogback — unharmed. The porcup had an ear torn off, his jaw broken and was about killed. Ever since, Ballard has said, he's not at his living on borrowed time. He still loves to fly.

In the other instance, Ballard and two friends, Red Foster and speedboat racer Jimmy Ragan, were captured by a high wave while sailing in Toronto harbour, and Roger was drowned. After being rescued, Ballard went back out and dragged for the body. He found it in the meantime a bad guy over the radio that Ballard had drowned him, and a coroner's inquest in the Ballard Sir inquest held for a photograph.

"Father," Ballard's mother called, "Harold's boat drowned."

"Oh no he hasn't," Ballard's father replied, "just tell them to keep looking for him. He'll be there."



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## GOOD-BYE, BURMA-SHAVE

Before neon, there was the painted word

**R**emember the information explosion? The television audience was disconcerted when somebody realized that we were being poked at all the time by radio, television, billboards, posters, films, newspapers, magazines, highway signs, and all the rest of them? We were all supposed to go deaf and blind and crazy because of the enforced variety of our perceptions.

But while we were worrying about the information explosion, somebody somewhere was eliminating it. The flappers now it to make everything look like everything else, to homogenize everything, every office building looks like every other office building, every prison like every other prison, every gas station like every gas station, and it turns out that that's terrible, too.

Take the signs on these pages. Take them very carefully, or fast, and eat them out and put them somewhere safe, because in another few years you won't be seeing them anymore. They are the deepest expression of intransigence that

don't pay off these days: the corner grocery store, the small-time post office, the five-cent hotel next to the bus station on the main and only street in the town everybody grew up in.

If the kids pass the art goes.

It would be easy to blame it all on the Americans. But a lot of the sign art was very American: the Philip Morris bulldog, the Texaco fire chief bar. It was a measure of our innocence, however, that we thought the Wrigley gate kid lived in Kansas, Okanana. He really lived in New York City, but we didn't find out about that until they took him away from us.

The supermarket eliminated the country store. The car eliminated the horse.

In 1886, Sir William Kinnsey and Morris W. Treves, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, painted the element neon, an inert gas that makes up about 90.19% of dry air. Somebody put some neon into a tube under low pressure, ran some

electricity through it, and killed an art form. Small craftsmen couldn't handle it. The art signwriter was a technician, before he was an artist, simply as artist with an eye for survival. So the small craftsmen went broke, or to art school to learn how to paint rock walls signs.

None of that is tragedy. It's progress. And progress creates art out of obsolescent artistry. As cities, operating signs in a modern city, these signs would be as suitable as blacksmiths in an Osborne car-assembly line. As art, art, they are sounds of loss.

But it is important to remember that there was a world in which the Pepsi-Cola door handle was always mounted crooked on the wood, ranging from left to right, in which everybody wanted to be a drummer when he grew up, and in which you were supposed to chew gum after every meal because it was good for you. Like the Wrigley kid in the hat. Remember him? — WILLIAM CAMPTON





ROBERT HENREY

# SHE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH OF BIG BEAR

History calls him traitor, but history sometimes lies

BY MARIA CAMPBELL

**C**anadian school history tells us very little about Big Bear, daughter-in-law to Mary Big Bear, the Cow Chief and Medicine Man, whom people thought of as "Crazy Bear" in the Saulteaux war rebellion of 1885. I was taught in school that Big Bear was a murdering savage, a traitor to Queen and Country.

Big Bear opposed the Indian Treaty of 1876 under which the Indians were to agree to give up all claims to their country and settle on Reserve lands. He believed the treaty to be unjust and held out for a better deal for his people. The government was not prepared to make a better deal! With the half-breed Indians, which were their only source of livelihood, wiped out, his people dying from hunger and disease, Big Bear's warriors held council and decided to support the rebellion being organized by Louis Riel.

As a Métis child I was told by the old people of my community that Big Bear supported the rebellion because he was the last survivor of his matriline who were history, memory and history. So when the decisions were made by the council at Fort Battle, Big Bear had the choice of following them or staying behind. He chose to lead his warriors in their last unorganized armed struggle at Frog Lake, Alberta, in April of 1885.

Big Bear was found guilty of treason by the Canadian government and served two years in the Stony Mountain federal penitentiary in Manitoba. After his release, he returned to Saskatchewan, to a small piece of land called the Poundmaker Reserve. He was no longer Chief. Big Bear had been isolated and cast out.

If the events that shaped his destiny are cast aside and if you expanded now in the way he did then, our children might have been taught that he was a great orator and leader of a few people. He did not wage war in another country, he did not force his ideologies on another people. Big Bear fought for his people's way of life, for their freedom and known dignity and he did it in his native land.

Last summer, I learned that Big Bear's daughter-in-law, Mary Big Bear, was still living on Poundmaker Reserve. I decided to visit the area and talk with her about her last years.

There's something very special about Indian land and I felt it as soon as I entered Poundmaker reservation. A sense of peace, harmony and beauty that I seldom feel anywhere else. This is Big Bear's land, all that is left of a large domain once ruled by a great warrior, Chief and Medicine Man.

Poundmaker Reserve is small, situated deep in the Eagle Hills approximately 30 miles west of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. It is picturesque and hilly, wooded with the maple and oak of eastern grass in the air. The one wagon road that I remember from 30 years ago when I used to visit there at a camp at now gone, is still there, and the hills are more rounded and the trees more rounded.

These are the changes. The houses are still clustered close together for comfort and warmth. The children still walk from the side of the road as we used to. Horses and their teams are set up for the winter with horses grazing peacefully in the meadows where little hives stand hopefully with pads of grass and bristles.

I came to Poundmaker to visit a very special lady. She is very old. She doesn't know for certain how old she is, but her eyes twinkle as she says:

"I am not 100 years old yet."

**S**he is the widow of Horstchild, youngest son of the Cow Chief, Big Bear. Her home is a small three-room frame house on the exact spot where she and Horstchild had their first cabin years ago. It is tidy and well kept with a mat fence around it and a beautiful view of the hills.

Her Christian name is Mary Prentiss and she doesn't know for sure what she ended up with that. She much prefers to be called by her Indian name, See-na-

can-ka-poo, which means "Little Stone On The Prairie."

"Mother, while she was carrying me, dreamt of seeing these little stones to me when born that is what she called me," she explained. Many Indian people have received names in this way.

**S**ee-na-can-ka-poo is a tiny lady, incredibly beautiful, with long braids and black eyes, spindly and shabby. Her brown and wrinkled face glowed as she recalled the good times of her girlhood, her marriage to Horstchild and her life with him. But sometimes, remembering bitter days, her face would cloud with sadness and the world lost out of the window toward the hills, remaining silent for a long time. Then she would sigh and come back to what she was saying.

"My own mind has been voices for me," she said. "He didn't grow anything. You see, when I was a girl, we were already poor. The agencies [Indians Affairs] had already taken away all our horses and given horses to others, they were afraid we would fight."

"The men had no houses and arrows and game was very scarce — mostly rabbits and other small creatures. There was so much dying because my people didn't have the strength to fight the diseases that came with the white men. We didn't have warm clothing for the long hard winters. There was no hide to make them and we couldn't afford to buy their clothes. It was very hard for our people to go out as small pieces of land and had almost destroyed us."

"What was he like?" I asked her.

"My mind," she said, and her eyes lit up. "He was very kind to me, he looked after me well. I have never seen like another man since he left, because I know I will never find another man like him."

Maria Campbell is a Calgary free-lance writer and author of *Blackfeet*.



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The guards raised their guns. Big Bear told his son: "Sit up; let them shoot you in the head so you can die like a warrior."

"Did many men have more than one wife?"

"No, not that many. Headsmoker had four wives."

"Did he have to be rich to have so many?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh no, but it helped. Headsmoker was the kind of man that would stand. He looked after them and treated them well."

"Does your wife have more than one wife?"

"No, he had only me." Then with a twinkle, "He didn't need any more."

She showed me a picture of her only son, who died at the age of 12 during the 1919 flu epidemic. She and Headsmoker had no other children.

We sat quietly together for a long time, smoking and enjoying our tea. I was reluctant to bring her back to the present, but gradually she began to speak about her father-in-law, Big Bear.

"Big Bear was a great man," she said, "and his people lived him very well. His life was very well and peaceful and his medicine was powerful. He went to peace, you know, but it was not his fault."

"Remember, I told you our people were very poor. The young men were angry. Big Bear was bitter, too, but he knew that if they fought the government they would never win. They were already outnumbered and more and more heavily pressed. They had to have somebody to lead them. And so he became responsible for his people who were dying from hunger and sickness. He was helpless in it. Then news came of the half-breed uprising at Batoche and the men had to go. Although Big Bear talked and he could talk no more against fighting, the warriors said they would fight. Big Bear was chief, so he had to lead his people to war."

Although Big Bear was not in favour of war, his judgment was overruled by his council. It was the chief's duty to lead his people, not to make decisions for them. It was his choice to go with them or to stay behind. Big Bear chose to go.

The rebellion Métis Headsmoker spoke of was already well advanced when Big Bear heard of it. Louis Riel had come back to Canada from Montana at the request of the people of Saskatchewan, who feared they were losing their land and their rights to the advancing railroad and the soldiers from the East. Many people had been sent to Ottawa on behalf of the Indians, whites, and half-breed of the territory but they had been ignored or lost by the eastern government. The final outcome was an

armed uprising in the spring of 1885, led by Riel, and it was into this conflict that Big Bear led his people.

She continued her story continued: "This is what Headsmoker told me. After the fighting at Frog Lake they had to escape. There were some bush people [Cree] that had heard of the fight and had been there. Because their land was full of snakes and hairy bush, they thought it would be impossible for those inexperienced soldiers to follow."

"They split up into two groups. One group of families went west into the United States by horseback, out of Big Bear, and the other group, who went with the bush people, were led by Big Bear. My man was supposed to go with Indians but, instead, he followed his father. Big Bear did not know he was following him and Headsmoker made sure he was not upset."

"They traveled for many days with my man staying behind so his father would not see him. Finally they had to cross a river. By this time, both people and horses were tired and they stopped to rest. They were there only a short time when the soldiers caught up with them. The people were all afraid but Big Bear told them not to worry and to go ahead. He would stay behind. You see, Big Bear's medicine was so strong he could always be safe. Around his neck, he wore a small amulet that he had been given by the medicine man of his clan. As long as he wore it there, nothing could harm him. Big Bear walked out into the open while his people fled. It was as if he placed an invisible well between his people and the soldiers. The soldiers could not hit him either. When his people were far enough away to be safe again, he caught up to them. They traveled at night and into the next evening and again they stopped to rest."

"They had no food and they were very hungry. When the soldiers were right behind them, the people had to scatter without their horses. They got to the river (the North Saskatchewan) where the men quickly made a raft and loaded the women and children on it. This is when Big Bear discovered Headsmoker had followed them. They all headed for an island in the river.

"My man and I was so tired when they landed on the island, his legs started to cramp and he fell in a heap beside me. It was dark. The rest of the people had to get cover, raising the trees. A little while later he woke with a start because Big Bear was shouting at him and there was an awful racket down-

stream from the river. He crawled up the hill, where Big Bear was lying to watch for the soldiers. Together they watched a steamboat going by.

"The soldiers on the boat were watching the island very closely but did not see anyone. They didn't stop until they were around a bend on the river. They started to shoot. The gun caravans, the small of mounted, loaded back to our people who had not eaten for 12 days, the smell of the frying meat was too good they were almost狂妄.

"While the soldiers were eating, Big Bear and his people avoided to the other side of the river and walked and they reached Duck Lake. They waited until it was night and under the cover of darkness went to the home of a half-breed, Big Bear knew. The man's wife made some soup and fed them.

"That night, the men stayed up late planning their escape. Big Bear asked the half-breed to take them across the river and he agreed. Headsmoker was supposed to be sleeping but he listened to them talking and he heard his father say, 'I cannot take my son with me.' He knew he'd be left behind so he didn't go to sleep. Late that night, when Big Bear and the men were sleeping, he heard the half-breed scratching at their door. Big Bear got up, looked at his son and crawled out of the tent. Headsmoker started to follow us but he was scared to grab him and tried to load him back. Headsmoker got up and big gun in hand, ran after us. Big Bear and the men were already in the boat. The horses and children were left behind as the soldiers would not harm them and they could make their way home from there. Headsmoker stood over to the boat and climbed in beside his father. This is the last time Big Bear ever spoke sharply to his son."

"He said, 'You think you are a man now, that is good. But being a man means that you must be prepared to die. Tonight we may all be killed.' Big Bear then allowed Headsmoker to stay with the men."

She-oo-com-hoo-poo stopped here for a long time and I didn't interrupt her thoughts. She got up slowly and pulled herself another cup of tea. The memory of it seemed to be giving her pain. She was referring to me that tragic time in her husband's life and, like all good Indian storytellers, she made it so vivid that I felt her pain also.

At last the rest, "I cannot remember exactly what happened next. They were all captured easily and taken to the police barracks and from there to Stony Mountain Penitentiary. The wagon train



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"Big Bear could have escaped, you know."

took them to Snowy Mountain, carried much food. His mom and dad often went enough was thrown away to feed the people for many days. His father had to set it up when he knew our people had nothing.

"The prisoners were all hooded two by two and at night they slept inside a circle of guards. Someone during the night a guard would take a count. At one of these times they thought two prisoners were missing. There was much confusion. The guard woke everyone and one of them yelled, 'Let's get 'em all off them and we can say they tried to escape.' The guards stopped their game and stopped.

"Big Bear said, 'Set up my size. Let them shoot you in the head so you can die like a warrior.'

"They set him up. He said his heart nearly stopped beating. Then one of the guards yelled for them to stop. The last guard had macerated. They were told to go back to sleep.

"Big Bear could have escaped, you know. There were no handcuffs or pads that could have kept him locked up. They say he used to take his handcuffs off and play with them. He could walk in and out of the jail cell. When his warriress begged him to leave, he said, 'No I am your Chief. Because I chose to lead you in war I am responsible for what happens to you.'

"Big Bear and his men were sentenced to jail but the judge said to him, 'I cannot sentence your son to prison, but I can sentence him to residential school.'

"My son had to wait for the see wagon to get to St. John's, so the people told him he could earn his keep by running errands and bringing food to the prisoners."

"When a new man to leave his father he did not want to go. This was the first time he cried. Big Bear talked to him for a long time. Then he took the man away from around his neck and put it around the neck of Hesheesh. Big Bear told him that it would protect and guide him and he was never to take it off. Hesheesh then left his father, and eventually came home."

"Again he stopped, and I thought her story was over."

"What happened in the neckhole?" I asked.

She looked at me for a long time and seemed reluctant to continue. Then she said, "One night he took a woman. She broke it. He picked up all the beads and put them away. He never returning them again and they were lost. . . . No, the woman was not me!"

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# ALL THAT'S LEFT OF BIG BEAR

In a small bag, in a small room in New York City, the great spirit rests  
BY RUDY WIEBE

In a New York subway a man is tugging ever, left and right, the right, gathering down, the left. We're both in a lunge of the van but much swaying against my ear. He's unaffixed trying to explain where I must get off the train to find the American Museum of Natural History, but there seems to be too many turns, too many levels, steel-screwing beside and over and under us through the Manhattan rock, no matter how close he swings, he cannot quite below lead enough for me to understand him. Gradually something emerges "... the express, with the local..." back.

When the train finally stops he gets me through the binging doors, pointing, a friendly uninfected man who smiles because the large pads clamped like carabiners on his hand. Somewhere under there he may be buried for Missouri. The train shudders away, but above me, or perhaps before me, a woman comes. Up the previous stairs she comes. I wait in another grand green mural where an unending series of workers move. The father of a Crows girl I know has, she thinks, a powerful thing with women, there may be one in his sacred bundle which has another no longer pots up with in the house. If I told her about these otherwise staid women, I believe he would never again tingle so much at an audience's popular.

So what am I doing here? I'm pulling a man buried in a cold January day on the Powder River Reserve in Saskatchewan in 1858, someone who for me is fat from dead. His name is Big Bear. For several years I have tried to follow him by visiting the places where he lived from his birthplace near the North Saskatchewan River to Frog Lake Alberta, in the north, to the Mountrain River, Montana, in the south. To find rivers of time to see what is left of what he can in that long lifetime before 1858 when he and the Plains Cree who followed him rode over the prairie where the light moved them. New York is the last stop

Big Bear in New York? Not really, of course, but his remains around once here don't seem quite so much different from the hibernation-and-death corridors of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, high above the Manitoba place, where I followed him a year ago. Except for noise and dust.

On March 24, 1879, the Saskatchewan *Wiseowl* explained who Big Bear was: "All the tribes — that is the Sioux (of Star, Bull, Blackfeet (of Crowfoot), Blood, Santees, Assinobones, Sioux, Crows and Sarakas — now form but one party, having the same road. Big Bear to this time, cannot be accused of using a single obnoxious word, but the fact of his being the head and root of all our Canadian Plains Indian leaves room for conjecture."

**T**he *Wiseowl* was quoting a man who knew. Father Kateri, OMI, namesake of the Canadian town of Mississauga, was writing the *Chronicle* for the photo

that flooded winter of 1876-79 because the buffalo no longer came within 200 miles of Bowser. The Métis, led by Gabriel Dumont, were warring with Big Bear's people at the banks of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan rivers. By the spring of 1879 it was finally becoming clear even to government officials that the buffalo were on the brink of extinction, that the 33,000 prairie Indians, already diminished by smallpox, were actually dying of starvation. Several thousand had wintered with Big Bear at the folks because there were still some buffalo there and because the story of all the ancient and traditional crafts (in contrast to Hudson's Bay and government-subsidized crafts) had never aged very nicely, remembered only to the winter man. Clearly, if the prairie Indians were to get a better story than this one which was, in Lieutenant-Governor Morris explained as carefully as 1858, "offered as a gift since they had still their old mode of living," Big Bear

was the leader to get it. Without the buffalo there was no "mode of living" for the Indians on the plains — they needed far more than "gifts."

**W**hen I emerge from underground, the lone air along Central Park West, amidst of leafy trees, of grass, but more pervasively of dust and of savagery coating on a bronze wheelbarrow the city litter. Inside the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Entrance to the American Museum of Natural History the air is electric, and there is a sense of the Resounding Pastness preceding. The stone hall in canopies, people like these like whispers moving in circles, and then at the information booth I discover that I have come all the way across the continent and somehow avoided the train to get myself beyond the public domain into the private domain of the *Wiseowl*. I wonder again whether the lot of members I have, but no longer I have a name to call. I ask for the name of the cemetery and a woman hands me a 50-page book in double column. *Confidential*, if I can get in uninvited in a co-ordinated, buffalo-hunt team and find a woman in a New York building? Or was it a men? I find "Department of Anthropology." I can get in now.

The *Finest Indians* artifacts are not underground, and I'm happy about that, following Dr. Philip Gifford, the man in charge of them, up stone steps and iron steps, through fire doors and up to a small door which, cracked, breathes sublimely of air conditioning. There can be no window here and when the light clicks on it is as if out of the darkness an entire culture had exploded: the tiny room is crammed, stuffed tight. Gifford White cracker English at the University of Alberta and her novel, *The Transformation Of Big Bear*, was the Governor General's award for 1973.

## He fasted and prayed until finally, out of his suffering, the overlord of all bear spirits came — the Great Parent of Bear

feet is working his way in us. I keep on the doorway, mostly what I can am. Buffalo robes. Faded. Hair cut in braids on the floor and on the metal shelves, and then gradually there are faded buckskins and drums and noise makers and rattles and impossible bladed robes and horse heads and black copper lanterns and whips and beaded saddle and saddlebags and parakeets and howl-shaped shields and buckskin gun cases covered in the achievable parchment-gold embossing.

Gifford is peeling open drawers. "The Mandibulus, a scouter's staff, is in there, somewhere," he says. "It's all numbered very simply and in order." The second outer case of the buffalo skin cases is a pipe and on the other side the Cody body is almost entire, but in deeper your fingers can feel — what is it? — delicacy, of bones opening, warmth in it that animal were still alive beneath you there, breathing. "Yeah, that must be it. That's what you wanted?" Mr. Webster?

"I bear him there. He is holding a small grey sack toward me, my canvas I see verbed and pined with holes very much like the border canoes I remembered from my family's book farm in St. Johnsbury. I stare so long he says, "It's the numbers all right, here," and he's about to pack out what's inside the sack, and I run forward and take them from him.

Just holding it is absurd — well, I'm no primitive. I can't really classify myself. For damn near thirty years I have not been able to identify myself as only should I hold a mule on my own feet, but not our cap actually in the ground, so I check the numbers on the little tags dangling from

the open end of the sack. 30-12719 A. M. Yen. I am holding in my hands the second bundle of Big Bear. In the center of this bundle is the spirit gift that gave Big Bear his name and his wisdom and his power that living around him will when he rests on a raid or dimmed his eyes in the Thunder-land of the Thirst Dance.

The bundle was given him at the forks of the Red Deer and the Sun Saskatchewan rivers. It was fishing that the last winter the buffalo world over came north to Canada. 30-12719. Big Bear and I. When I came along he was giving these bundles that place had always been the center of his world. Whenever he was married he would set the sons of a smoking pipe to the four directions and point it toward the forks because sometime before 1840 the Great Parent of Bear came to him there, and gave him the vision that shaped his entire life.

Perhaps very early one summer morning when he was a young boy his father walked with him (no one knows what his name was then) to the top of Bell's Foothills. Here, together they scoured the rock framework and living cloth offerings on them, they played the buffalo (all under their shadow spread that beatitude). Then his father offered up a pipe, and left him. He saw Sun come over the knobby hills of the Sun Saskatchewan and he kept his face facing him all day, praying for rain, crying out and shouting his arms in agony. And at sunset he could not see the sun and the bright light of the redness summer day disappeared. He looked like the iron over the fire, he looked like the iron over the plains and the single deep valley of

the South Saskatchewan. and the hills folded down to the plain like old blankets until Sun finally vanished black into the wide bloody loops of the Red Deer and he would collapse.

On the second day he did not stand, or move. He was not hungry, it was that that threatened to break his concentration. He did not look east at the point where the rivers unexpectedly joined grey water and bent north and then east together. He was not angry, he did not at night let the spirits come to come. Not one, but two, he retired from his bed, because he would not let himself in there again. He fainted and passed until finally one of his ancestors, reflecting the overlord of all bear spirits came, the Great Parent of Bear. On this name-endowed bell, Big Bear stepped up very dry and closed it over his face, caught him his song, and the words of it.

My teeth are my knives

My claws are my leaves

And with him how to make "That which is kept in a clean place," he said bundle. All his life it would be his duty that he was chosen, that, under the Creator, the most powerful spirit known to his people had come, and would come again, to him.

More than 130 years later in a small room on the back face of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, I hold this second bundle. I tell and tell and tell Gifford that this is a legend, he tells me, I've come to look around and take what you know I can and he knows. Even up there on the center of the border the withs and bone shaver with a kind of roar, perhaps the tattered banners, dimly behind here, I pull the bundle out of its battered sack.

It is a soft rectangle of grey-varnished plaid cotton two feet long, 10 inches wide and four inches thick, at one end the cloth is folded in but the other hangs free. The whole thing is tied together, not with leather though but with bander cones. I guess that is symbolic too.

There are proper ceremonies for opening this bundle. I know, and there are enough pipes here (carefully labelled in boxes) and the uncannied act of pristine people undoubtedly already prepare the proper course of belief, but I am no proper person. The bundle was to be opened only when its case was to be worn out in battle or ceremony dance, but here there is no way else to draw over my head even if I had the faintest notion in which direction to turn toward the forks, even if I knew one single word, had either song or prayer though I do intend to go into battle

against all the savagery and cloned ignominy of myself and my people. Holding held this tiny, my toy.

At each opening of the bundle a new cloth was added inside as a shank offering to the absent console and the 10 layers of greatest concern gradually brighten through shades and patterns of red, yellow and blue stylized flowers on a crimson background, crisp as if it were new. As I touch that I know I should feel something, something for this having been dragged across a continent in an uprooted world that cannot be any more in the cultural distinction because here there is no one or north or before-able life, something for my own apprehension of wanting to be not that, to somehow have this like any who never has enough of anything, as if it were even possible to actually have anything except within yourself, something of a project. Great spirit who Big Bear is. I also, before I closed the session as he did for another, I said that that apparently he wanted to, some project. So then I unfolded the newest cloth.

The cover of the bundle is "Chief's Son's Hand." It is a bear paw clamped out but with claws still attached, turned and simple, worn red. It is shaped like a hub cap. Big Bear went to war and the ceremonial dance with the Hand tied about his neck. The Cree believe that a person's soul comes to have at birth and resides along the back of the neck, and in wearing this claw Big Bear felt the weight of the Hand against his soul. He was in the natural perfect alliance with the Great Bear Spirit.

Inside the nest of cloth with Chief's Son's Hand there is a short coat of tobacco and an ashes of beaded over-glass. The tobacco is dead but when lit the over-glass is coolly pristine.

I stayed in New York for days and when I was finally ready I made up in the small room. Gifford was kind and sympathetic. Don Mandibulus who brought the power bundle to the U.S. was simply a great anthropologist. He found a group of natives to see in Canada had any interest in or power sponsored by the American Museum and spent several summers away 1933 living on the Slave River mountains, writing his doctoral thesis and collecting whatever Plains Cree artifacts he could. The thesis was published, and it certainly did possess much invaluable information on early plains life. Gifford understood that in a Canadian the bundle was a powerful historical item, but a museum is great because it becomes an impenetrable repository and never goes up (though it has travelled the world to get there), by keeping that bundle locked in vaults, never disturbed, it defers a people's sense his-

panic with the Godfather and in about a minute I was telling to my wife, Terri, via textotele.

Mostly I think I lay on the soggy bed in a room on West 45th Street. Thinking about the unchanged garments of the forks. About the riverbank cemetery on the Ponoka River Reservation, where Big Bear was buried in January of 1938, on the spot where he gave his last Three Drums, June 16 to 19, 1934. He has free forever in chief of the River People. When he felt the weight of Chief's Son's Hand against his ear for the last time.

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# RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Among other things, Melfort, Saskatchewan, is great therapy  
BY JOY CARROLL

I am one of those blushing, bushwhacks that forever is my memory book. I set myself in a breakfast nook in Black Rocked Overhills, and between wooden walls, struggling through a prairie blizzard, I am trudging carefully in the footprints of a Simeon's Gaucho who always wintered in a much-colder buffalo hide, because after school I'd managed to cross the street to his house through the storm and now he was stuck with seeing me home.

I savored the outcome of our journey for a moment. Trudging along behind, a skinny page to his hulking King Moosehorns, eyelashes snowed firmly together and nose slowly whistling in the Arctic air. I knew well enough that after all, my guide was the town bull of my grandfather's world the town dock. My father grew the biggest, fattest dabs of fat on around the side of wagons while, the memory of my mother's voice had the distinction of calling for a trachea gang - digging out great dollops of fresh pointers and two rows of bones in 30 rows at a time 30 men. God knows how many. My Aunt parcelled fresh bread in a bushwhack and broke the string with her fingers and my grandmother was a misery. She spoke only in a house whisper due to a botched operation in Newcastle-upon-Tyne at the turn of the century. What from could possibly come to a girl with a background like that?

Always knowing, exactly who and what you are in the legacy of a small-town upbringing. And when you migrate as I did in the age of 21, to Toronto, to make your fortune that knowledge can become a formidable weapon. But there is another side to wrapped around that solid inner core of yourself there is a streak of ringing vacuity.

Now my brain, but will these city shkertz escape who you are? Learned largely from books and movies and out from life, can only be reluctantly gauche. And you worry. Will they find out when the first gaping holes in your facade be-

gin to show? When you forget to top the little spot but sprinkle salt wildly across your dinner plate, will they laugh? If yes that thought motivates (for heaven's sake, I was 24 before I knew what a curtain was), then the beaker instead of the glass, will they run away to digan? When your very last celebrity priorities about having a cyno-bryo on her résumé and you sympathize because you think she's got some tropical disease, will they drum you out of the corps?

I was born in Melfort, Saskatchewan, 60 miles southwest of Prince Albert and still in Diefenbaker Country, a Depression child. I lived there most of my life until I was 21. When I was in public school, in the 1950s the population was 2,001, a curious figure when you saw it posted on a roadside. Now there are 3,000 people and many changes. Melfort has a radio station, an airport, a community swimming pool, a grocery center and a sprouting new business around the edges of the town. Farmers in the area do not depend entirely on wheat, there is mixed farming now. The last time I was home, three years ago, a delegation of affluent Japanese from Tokyo was buying up beef cattle as breeding stock.

Over the years, I have returned often, mostly to gather up what was after some steady Bassaris-spurred debauch and slathered my calm.

This time, I am making the journey by train, seeking to serve old memories of earlier continental crossings. And so, in the still sunlight of a Toronto afternoon, I feel the Supercontinent slowly slot through the web of tracks that stretch out from Union Station. We don't pass the soiled factories and the doom of the wharves, past mostly rail-roaded shacks and backyards occupied with all the ugly jank of urban life, and then, mercifully, we are among the snow-dampings and artful greenings of Ontario's farmland.

It is easy to remember the past, sitting in a train. How as children we picked wild raspberries along the Carrot River,

filling endless peasant butterpots rapped about our waist, turned the handle of an old ice cream freezer until our arms ached (let off just four cent pieces an armload), how we idly stared the fierce dairy bull locked up in his solitary dark stall. And the pallid funeral of a 15-year-old girl who died of pneumonia, they said, because she wore zipping skins and no socks in 40-below weather. Her family was broken and my mother borrowed a white suit dress from somebody for the burial. Not even a real outfit, they said, but a pale box tied together by a neighbor. How we waited impatiently for the burning down of the old Chinese laundryman's shack. He was supposed to have VD and the fire would left the germs. And that present 13-year-old with enormous braids who lived high in the top of the winter tower to... well, on. Do what? Some of us weren't quite sure but it sounded wicked and delicious.

Now in the Saskatchewan railway station and later in a taxi, conversation turns on problems very different from the ones that plagued in Toronto and Montreal. One here it is the weather. Highway conditions, snow grain elevators and the difficulty of integrating Indians. Nobody seems to talk about Canada's immigration policy, legalizing abortion, American domination of the economy or the shrinking safety of our cities at night. Or the prime rate at a crap.

Melfort is about 180 miles due north of Regina and its population and that of surrounding towns is almost equally static. When I was a child, Melfort was not only white but Wasp (a term now as out as the time of course) and early 20th-century immigration into Saskatchewan came mostly from the British Isles, Ontario and the United States. A big campaign in Britain with splashy posters promising leaves on earth for peasants (the prime was called a Home-

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION

Jay Carroll is the author of eight novels, the latest being *The Moon*.







## In Winnipeg, we were told, white slavers lurked in certain theatres, ready to pounce on young girls and cart them off

lugging heavy hamper of egg sandwiches and eight-ounce bottles of Saki in public places. I hated parties. In fact, my family didn't have a car, so if we wanted to go out of town to picnic we were entirely dependent on a Model T Ford driven by a skeletal old man or a yellow Char couple with a rumble seat driven by a stoopy young brat. In either case we always stopped soggy sandwiched in public. I love the old days!

Once I had secured the guys of "Wings" and "The Thin Man" I had a date with a slender, dark-haired girl who had got wind of my talents. Her white blouse appeared on, but if my uncle had got wind of the expedition we'd have been confined to them for the rest of the summer.

The next thing we children never did was visit the Bowditch, that French-Canadian mess near the Red River. For us St. Boniface simply wasn't on the map in our Was-Canadian world. Foreigners might be tolerated but there was no way you could understand or capture them. As a child, people around were quite capable of saying in complete innocence, "He's very German" or "She's a foreigner but she's as honest as the day." The Message of Empire had filtered down from the top and come solidly to rest in the working classes.

The truth is, I would have done almost anything to get to Winnipeg, a place where I suddenly won first prize could buy chancery and polish and had a second cousin who subtitled in

the made on the roof of a school. Everything had a gleaminess prima for even Eaton's department pins (15 cents) the eagle-like main elevation and the features of Thrift's (a scrubby grocery) my uncle gave me because he was padding them at the time.

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When I come back to the west, I usually visit Praha Albert, famous new because of Praha Albert and the place where I held my first important job as Women's Editor of the daily Praha Albert Herald. I count myself

lucky that while my editor had his idiosyncrasies, he was a professional about print upto. He cleaned up my copy but he firmly believed that he lived in the only house of Prairie.

It was winter and the entire staff was frozen. He told us, by the time the rest of his problems He and I sat together on the mezzanine and he must have commented on some friend's life to make him rather too much in that case. His name was Ted and he regularly fired the whole staff, usually on a Friday afternoon.

Sometimes he ordered us boys to make empty our desks. Sometimes he had to fire the board over the street and looked himself in a room until suitably wroth with his horns of pleading and crony promises of good behavior from the editorial crew.

When I think of it, I suppose he had reason to be slightly nervous. The sports editor often brought her tennis to work and fed her to her typewriter. The dog had a disgusting habit of finding dead bodies and depositing them on reporters' desks. Ted found this dog. He also found the violin played so bad. Like wolfwhistle in office with some primping he brought the Minister of the United Church of Canada. Or our complete disappearance from the office so that the girls looked as if a plague had struck when, in fact, we were summoned into the tiny ladies' washroom so we could hear her explosives detonate. Or the solitaires scattered on the floor, while he had been out drinking his lunch. Churchill had had a stroke and England had surrendered and the managing editor would show him a mock-up of the special edition in the works preparing. He burst out in狂怒, I mean, that all the staff walked out and that none of the staff could do anything but Cope. He especially listed the fact that we women were allowed into the press room but that he wasn't. I don't know what goes on in his mind, but if he had remained one at all, but Percy the Persian wouldn't let Ted the Edict past the press room door.

It is paradoxical that while some things have changed somewhat many things about the past remain constant in Melfort, the red brick post office looks the same, clock tower and all, but its rooms have been renovated to accommodate a larger number of bookshelves. All Saints Anglican Church where I once played the organ has had a comfortable facelift, but when I attended services there on this visit could still faintly see the colored glass windows down hill old 40 years ago. Melfort's winter tower still dominates the skyline but I am told that children can no longer climb up the inside columns because the door is locked.

can own life; there is a certain longing, a sense of infinite darkness around me afternoons darkness in the new cutting room has a plenty every day, there are no windows of balsam checkers, it is a cut-off on Main Street is compensated and rated by a world of mechanical workmachines from teeth, eyes and fingers and a lonely restaurant called The Station in the town of Nutana, 20 miles to the west, has a poet-chef who deserves laurels, albeit and important when (one winter, long ago, I used to

visit at this same station one night a week after finishing a class of piano studies and while I passed down the sky track looking for the evening train, a boy called Flanders announced his musical dreams to help me pass the time.

My father is dead now and my brother who had a successful career, lost my mother and two sisters and is now getting back to Melfort still seems to work for me. It is better than a psychiatrist's couch, better than Valium, better than being blind. It will change ways my home.

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# THE GREAT DOWN-EAST DIRTY-MOVIE FOLLIES

Not owning a pornograph is no handicap  
BY DAVID E. LEWIS

**M**ost of my life I've been a small-town boy. I say "most," because I was in Montreal for six years, and gained 40 pounds by eating at the right French restaurants, and a shocking knowledge of sex by going to the wrong bar. The rest of my life I've lived in a small town. Thus I was disgraced to meet Jim Major.

Actually, I'm rather vague about how and where I did. But I'm clear as to why he wanted me to collaborate with him on a movie script.

"It'll be a takeoff on pornographic movies," he explained.

I stared at him. Then I remembered a story just "Gosh, Jim, I don't own a pornograph."

"You'll do."

I thought, of course, that he was kidding me, but he wasn't. He had a title, a script and I read it. It's about a Roman who goes to Connecticut. They have the biggest straight prostitutes in Hollywood. Who is to go to Toronto and make the film. He knows every line about Canada that he does about making a movie. "Nothing sex there except Indians and sex. Why, everyone knows there's no sex north of Boston."

I had always believed under the illusion that there was no sex in Boston, and said so.

"We'll use that," Jim said, and wrote it down in a notebook.

"What I want from you is a background on the Canadian scene. I don't know Canada. I want you to fill me in."

"Shouldn't you know it Canada before?"

He shook his head. He looked at me hopefully. "See, I'm in an unidentified town in an unidentified province with an unknown phone number."

"Well, we don't," I said, trying to sound professional.

After all, Jim had written for Jackie Gleason, Bob Newhart, Johnny Carson,

you name it. I had a column in the Bedrocktown *Weekly Monitor*.

Later I discovered that the government organization they wanted to assist thus financially demanded that a certain number of Canadians be on the film crew. I was informed that they chose me.

"We couldn't find Stephen Leacock," Jim said. "He lives in some place called Marples."

I discovered that my knowledge of pornography was scarce. I went down to the local drugstore, which is the nearest thing we have to a bookstore, and bought two pocket books — *My Master Was A Lesbian Sodist*, and *I Was Raped By My Identical Twin*.

I read the pocket books late at night, and in the morning I felt more secure. Anything I wanted someone couldn't be on the test with that track.

"You ready?" I said to Jim.

"Where?"

"Baltimore," I said to Major.

"By the way, we have a third writer, Kenny Delano."

The name sounded vaguely familiar.

"Do you remember Fred Allen's radio program? Well, he was Senator Claghorn, boy, I say, boy."

"He's in Connecticut. He got that far from Florida, but he won't go up farther north. He doesn't like the cold."

I stared at him. It was August, and skidding him. I was beginning to feel I had gone through *Fooling Glass* with Alice, and somehow lost her.

"What do we do with the script?"

Jim laughed. "First, we sell it and me." American slang has always puzzled me. Once in a New York bar the guy next to me at the bar turned to an extremely handsome girl and said, "Do

David E. Lewis is a New Jersey writer and author of *A Lover Needs A Gun*.

"Hear you're making a movie," the would-be actor from Newfoundland said. "Sorry," Jim replied, "we're only using Canadians"

you want to make the scene, man?"

"I better get some paper and pencils," Jim said.

"No not," said Jim, and produced a copy of *Cairy-Birch*. "I better get some glasses and sit." I said.

After the second script he says, "We can get *Peak Lydie* for \$50,000." I said \$3,95 in my wallet.

"The bankers will like some names." He looked at me shrewdly. "You know, you have to spend money to make it."

"I've always been taught you make it and then spend it," I said.

"We can do that," he said.

I began to feel important.

Jim casually mentions Kirk, and he doesn't mind the Scottish character is Wolfville, but Douglas I insist a study of his technique.

I move to stand on the stairs and say, "Stephen Chalker is visiting our next week."

"He's tremendous with that Watergate stuff."

"He was the guy in *Alfred's* Ah!"

"I had a cousin who was strangled there once," my friend confided.

I have learned a thing from Jim. Jim Henson is universal when it is human. He tells me anecdotes about the successive fiction world of Hollywood and I will have a story about Miss DeMack who has never been more than 15 miles out of Bridgetown and that was to spray a floral.

When he tells a story about Gleason he automatically relies on the appearance of Gleason. He was on his team of writers, and once he wrote a shot about a would-be composer trying to pack out a

take at the piano. His mother comes in with a needle and a pair of sciss. He motions her out. As he sits at the piano with the tuning. He throws her down, and goes back to the piano and starts in pick out "M" for the many things you gave me." The next day Gleason starts bopping onto the piano, like a water buffalo, eyes bulging and yell at his head write, "Mavis, who did it? I want to know who did it? Give me her name!"

After he had spent several days trying I suggested to Jim that we really hadn't done much with that script.

"I'm thinking about a scene where Trudeau calls a royal commission to decide whether Americans should be allowed into Canada to make pornography. How many states are there in Canada?"

"They're called provinces Tim."

"We'll get Vincent Price to be chairman."

"He's the most topical Canadian I've ever seen, except Zsa Zsa Gabor."

"We'll have a minister from each province." The Canadian says, "And what is the state of sex in ... what's a good province?"

"Manitoba."

"And what is the state of sex in Manitoba?"

"The Manitoba senator replies, "Under control."

"And he asks the Nova Scotia senator, "What is the state of sex in Nova Scotia?"

"There's no sex in Nova Scotia."

I get indignant. "It was born in Nova Scotia."

Magee looks at me. "I can't conceive of."

"My mother did," I consider.

"We'll use that," and Magee.

As the script progressed, so did I. I discovered that a script writer only writes when he has an idea, which sounds logical but which of late, has been causing some problems. At first in the morning Magee taps on my bedroom door.

"I've got a lead!" he announces nonchalantly. I blink at him in sleepy non-comprehension.

"Get this. I would buy you a pomegranate farm, but you've canceled Ithaca!"

"Go back to sleep, Magee."

"It's a good line."

"It was in 1990, too."

Word gets around that the movie director is looking for actors.

There is a knock at the door. There is my filmmaker friend in full regular sex-writer, rubber boots, moustache, and

he presents us with two lobsters.

"I usually beware of Greeks bearing gifts, but this is when it's lobsters. I mean, it's not 'what's making it move,'" he says. He introduces himself to Jim as a Newfoundlander.

"Sorry, Jim. We're only using Canadians in the movie." Jim's knowledge of Canada is negligible.

"Newfoundland is part of Canada," I whisper to him.

It soon became apparent that half the town had developed within him.

"We don't necessarily need talent," said the director. "just local color."

The editor became so intense that I decided to take the inattention. I whizzed around a circle with pornography. We started getting applications from all over the Valley.

Meanwhile, we have reached a halting point. Bankers are not appearing at rapidly at would-be movies, but the future looks bright.

Jim is working on a series of CBC scripts. He can draw on the wildest stories. At the moment he's working on one concerning a young married couple. The wife has just had a baby boy. She wants to visit Jim Chalker. The husband wants him called James. Neither succeeds. The husband becomes suddenly self-reliant to pay the hospital bill. The hospital holds the mother and baby as hostages until the bill is paid. Finally they send the mother home (she can't walk, but they keep the baby). It grows and grows and grows still an tapeworm. Finally he is a young man, he has never been outside the hospital, he has no name. The hospital team fails to see a male name. "I've got me some elbow towels," he says. He thinks he means a "You." The janitor comes to him (they can't write to him, as he has no name). He reaches 22 years of age. Jim gets sick. He looks at me despondently.

"What am I going to do with him?" he asks desperately.

"I'm going to bed, Magee."

The phone rings. It is one of our more matronly wives.

"Is it going to be a musical?" she choruses excitedly.

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh, how disappointing. I do a galloping charioton. Of course I'm a little rusty, but..."

"I'm afraid we couldn't work it in. You should call calling."

The movie director is in the kitchen talking about Otto Preminger.

And I'm supposed to be working on a novel! ☺

If the neighbours don't serve it, move.



This is it.

With the purple label. Not yellow. Not white. Deep rich purple. Which is very classy. Good old class. That's it.



"But if there's no God, who changes the polluted water every day?"

## "Why I gave up Law for Life."

Sun Life Representative  
Louise des Trois Maisons remembers  
about her former career as a lawyer.



"For nine years I practised law in Montreal, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

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Yet I wanted to do something different. As a

lawyer, I had taken many instrumental cases, and I was acutely aware of the problems and general needs of families. And so I took the plunge and came to Sun Life.

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the attention they deserve from insurance companies. Women. Today they are providers, they are independent dynamic forces in our society. And I intend to see that they have every opportunity to learn the benefits of life insurance.

But I sometimes miss the practice of law, but I enjoy each day the privilege of helping people build solid tomorrows, to negotiate a happy future."

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Eskimo art is a triumph in merchandising  
BY SOL LITTMAN

When Kinoosuk, the Eskimo artist, drew this Arctic owl in 1956 he didn't expect it to be a beach at his wife's parents' camp and to be sold with a whale package for \$10. Recently, a Calgary collector paid an Australian art dealer \$30,000 for a lithographic copy of *The Enclosed Owl*. Kinoosuk, who graduated from being an ordinary Eskimo housewife with three children to a seeking artist and what could be more arctic, than to see most of the wealth from his increasingly valuable work accrue to others? Not that Kinoosuk minds; art was a pastime that brought a little extra money for something that just seemed to flow from his fingertips.

In fact, until the distinct advantage James Houston — an author and artist

whose *The White Raven* has recently been turned into a movie — asked him to help him at drawings for his new environmental program, he had never drawn and certainly never had a lesson. Houston told her only to draw the "old ways" and to stick to arctic scenes and people.

By the time her soggy bird was accepted she had almost forgotten the half real, half毛羽 (feathers) she had drawn, and was only dimly aware of the response that greeted her work on the seal. She scarcely realized that each of the 30 copies of her print had been sold to Eskimos (whale money) for \$10 apiece.

The source of Canadian Eskimo art is one of those almost unbelievable stories. What began as a souvenir and even as

distress has moved into the realm of success and widely traded as the most unusual market most sought after by collectors, seriously displayed in museums and periodically discussed in print portfolios. Furthermore, all this has happened since 1941 and, on top of that, the Eskimos never had any great tragic history.

What little art they did have was basically mapsoo-religious in nature: small carved posts — seals, seals and great the size of a thumbnail — that served as themes to send off caribou spirits and banished animals to submit to the hunter. Shaped in ivory or the soft, local soapstone, they were carved inside out.

Sol Littman is a freelance writer, an editor and broadcaster.

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clothing or wrapped in a skin. It never occurred to the Eskimos in Africa their brains so that they could stand upright.

It was the sailors who rounded the Arctic in the 18th century who taught them the art of tattooing; those beautiful face drawings carved in ivory that everyone assumes to be an original Eskimo art. Nor did the Eskimos have a tradition of oral visual images drawn from ancient legends. Peissel, one of the great practitioners, says, "Some people say ancestors, shamanism, shamanism, but I have never seen the evidence I desire."

In fact, many of the drawings used by Canadian Eskimos are of Siberian origin. Peissel and his film crew Caron and his colleagues at the University of Toronto, report that "a Dene woman gave a diorama selected from the huge library of his father-in-law, an elderly anthropologist, Siberian descent and isolated there in a bookcase in Canadian art studio. The Eskimos were given that book for reference. Many Eskimos photos displayed in art galleries over their fires in the arctic."

How did it all happen?

By 1948, when artist James Houston first visited the Arctic to find new subject matter for his own work, it had become clear that the Eskimos were faced with cultural starvation. Houston realized that the small carvings that had been collected at the Cape Dorset trading post could be marketed in the south. On his next trip to Montreal he visited the Canadian Museum of Civilization and asked this nonprofit organization to handle the carvings. The guild agreed to do so if he

would encourage the Eskimos to produce a steady flow of work.

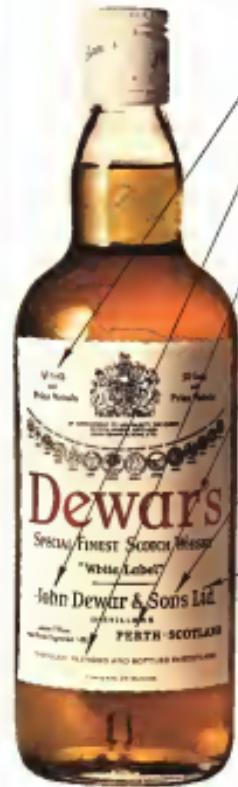
In 1951, Houston journeyed to West Baffin Land to launch the program and in 1953 he returned as the civil administrator appointed by the Canadian government. For the next 10 years he lived in Cape Dorset, responsible for the welfare of Eskimos people scattered over an area of 60,000 square miles. Houston knew how to guide and to found his wife, Afina, knew how to organize. But, above all, he succeeded in reinvigorating the program. His work provided by the new industry he had created thereby making it possible to sophisticated buyers. "Through their prints," he once wrote, "the Eskimos in art, legend and ancient spiritual happenings of great arctic pastimes. They reveal themselves in as powerful thoughts have existed in their arts and crafts and songs and legends for thousands of years." The native, spontaneous quality of Eskimo art represents one of man's earliest expressions. Pure bullock! But such language ruined Eskimo art from the same country over the art museum.

Husband and hunger were the Eskimos' inspiration rather than an aspect used to express tribal memories. There was little that was artistic, primitive or associated in the expressive drawings and ghosts that comprised the original drawings designed for sale in gift shops. There are also those who doubt Houston's charming story of how printmaking began in Cape Dorset. Houston writes:

"Oshuwanek, a famous Eskimo carver, sat near me one evening car-



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## Eskimo drawings are hardly masterpieces; they are a mixture of Eskimo vision, white man's techniques, and Japanese style

silily studying the sullen head materials on two identical packages of envelopes he used carefully every subtle detail of color and form, and he suggested to me that it must be very technique for some person to sit and paint every one of the little heads with exact symmetry on an endless number of packages.

"Looking around in order to find some way to demonstrate printing that was very, very bad, I saw an old Eskimo drawing of a white bear. It was about 15 inches long. Oshkawatok had carefully uncolored and polished it and had intact bold engraving on both sides. Into the lines of these engravings he had rubbed some paint gathered from a seal oil lamp.

"Taking on and off of writing ink that had dried out and become crusty, I dipped on the heavy black marker and smoothed it over the rock. Taking a sharp edge of the rock. Taking a sharp edge of the rock. Then it came out like the naked surface and rubbed it lightly and quickly. Scrapping the paper from the rock. Then that by good fortune we had a clear negative image of Oshkawatok's ruined design.

"We could do that," he said. And so did."

In the spring of 1968, the first series of prints, by a dozen firms, was shown at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival. The whole exhibit sold. In the past 10 years, the price of these new prints originally about \$100 has doubled. The value of older prints, especially those of the early Sixties and the late Fifties, has risen dramatically. It is difficult to say whether these prints are justified. The art market is irrational and unpredictable. It deals in objects described as "practical" and with prints that have no relationship to the rest of standards as the case of Eskimo art, crude drawings have been converted into interior decorations — but they are hardly practical.

"They have characteristics of a simple elegance, but they are what they are — a naive, innocent vision, where man's techniques and Japanese materials and style.

Edmund Carpenter's judgment is more than cynical. "Eskimo stone art was made for use, used by and believed in, solely by Westemers." Having de-

prived him of his heritage, and even the memory of this heritage, we offer him a substitute which he eagerly accepts, far no other is permitted. And as he takes his place on stage, side by side with the American Indian, whose headress comes from a mail-order catalogue, who learned his dances at Disneyland, and packed up his pipe long ago from happiness."

What's in it, the co-op boy and pup can for every morning and evening, and the Eskimo artist means nothing.

Dorothy Eben, who writes frequently on Eskimo art, reveals a visit with the aging Pinuokuk. "Two years ago at our first meeting she sat on the floor and drew as we talked; now she sits on a couch, there is a telephone on the wall and across the room is a board of plastic blocks.

The Eskimo world and Eskimo art are changing rapidly. All manner of things may happen in divisionist towns from the Arctic. Like the river fax, the while the caribou and the seal, Eskimo art will find several difficult. Perhaps, just before its extinction, a will glow in brightness.

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# HOMER SLEPT HERE

As a matter of fact, he still does

BY ROY MACSKIMMING

Land levers are a strange breed. I am sure how to explain it but we find fulfillment of a very special and private kind in an island — preferably small, obscure and remote from modern civilization. A little macaroniware universe, be it Greek, Polynesian, Spanish, Spanish or Canadian.

But time may be running out for us. My wife and I have watched chartered planes from our island pass — from airports in the Balkans, Crete, Corfu, Lewis in the Hebrides, and so on — and a few light-burners. We could see a small cluster of houses at the water's edge, surrounded by mountains dark, broken by gleaming lights high above, evidently on a hilltop. There was a small, thatched windmill at the base of impenetrable mountains all around. The evidence of human habitation seemed precarious, deserted. Homer's grave would have been a lonely one.

Instead of docking, we sit at anchor while a small tender dredges out from shore to take us off. But four-year-old Nestor, who was born in the boat, has no taste for the barren land place (the only one, although seven miles from the honor of his birth).

As the fish departed from Pythagorio in the summer afternoon we noted there were a few people besides

gumshoes interested in him — quite a few. They were hanging on back-packs or stretched out in the hot sun on their sleeping bags — taunted kids, racing on the cheap, just as we had 10 years ago when we first met in Japan. Now, having names, we were slightly apathetic by our softness and our pointlessness.

At 1 a.m., our ship was absorbed by the island's dark shores as we steamed into the deep, narrow bay. At the center and a few light-burners. We could see a small cluster of houses at the water's edge, surrounded by mountains dark, broken by gleaming lights high above, evidently on a hilltop. There was a small, thatched windmill at the base of impenetrable mountains all around. The evidence of human habitation seemed precarious, deserted. Homer's grave would have been a lonely one.

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In the morning we got the life of the island. It is rugged and precariously treeless. The stark, thinning beauty is a constant dialogue between stage and sky between knife sharp mountain ridges and vast depths of blue. Sheep bedded on both sides of the bay are herded with lambs, probably thousands of live stone with The Greek sunlight reflects every feature in the rock and penetrates to the ocean floor through green water of stunning clarity.

Homer's house is in the port, but the worn paper is high on the hill above. You can reach it by the four-mile-long (12-km) low-rise up the one lane switchback highway, or by donkey or foot straight up a pre-automobile stone

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## So far it's still off the tourists' agendas

path. The bus ride to the island has racing events on the edge of precipices and the donkeys are—well, donkeys, so I recommend walking. It doesn't take money or courage just stamina.

Once attained, the town is appealing, which is just as well since there are no others on the island. It's the true Cycladic type, whitewashed, fortress-like—almost an abstract conception seen from the outside, and from the inside a labyrinth of narrow winding streets in a pattern descended directly from the Minotaur.

Though sparsely inhabited, Ios is said to have a church for every day of the year, and most of them can be found within the town, which is composed walls with houses and shops. The churches are small, more like chapels, in their spartanness what shapes them of domes and apses built inwards and outwards like the effect of delightful mutations. One has a dome painted sky blue to drown its whiteness. We are shown in the courtyard of another, where a restauranteur had been allowed to set out tables.

The food on Ios—both in town and at the port—is predictable, ranging heavily to souvlakia (thinly sliced lamb), meze (a pie of marinated meat and vegetables) and roast chicken. But one highlight is the white lamb that Tassos, a body restauranteur, roasts in a spit every night outside the port. And if in the town there is a superb bakery where you can purchase inventive combinations of pastry, meat and figs or chocolate and cream.

In a place of such ancient simplicity it was startling to find three or four shops in close proximity in Athens. One-boarded silversmiths have taken over a ground-floor storefront, a wonderful room of high ceilings and wooden beams which he uses as a store and workshop; embossed hammering out his anklets rings and earnings while Vasilis plays a guitar. Another boutique, called Bibi ("because it sounds like in all languages," the proprietress explained) sells only one thing—in this case a concert violin and dreams made and dyed on the stand.

The presence of these shops isn't a sign that Ios is being developed for the middle-class tourist trade—but at least not yet. Rather it means that some young Athenians craftsmen have identified a market in the one tourist group that has attracted so far: the young teenagers, who travel deck-clad and sleep on beaches to save money for the important things, such as wine and grass, or hand-made jewelry and clothes.

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THE AUDI FOX.





# THE MAN WHO CAME TO KILL MISS GRUNDY

By John Hobsess

Sometimes it's the frustration of walking into a British Columbia liquor store and finding that you are "prohibited" from buying just about every good French or California wine in existence. Or it's living in Toronto and finding that you can't see the latest play by Theatre Passe Marais because police prevented the production out of existence (see charges, just below). Or it's living in Quebec and trying to find a hospital with an advice referral committee for legal abortion. For Gerald McNeil, back in January, 1974, the last straw came when the Nova Scotia Board of Censors banned *Last Tango In Paris*, presumably on the grounds of "obscenity." ("Pronouned," because censors never give reasons for their decisions.)

For You, like most Canadians, McNeil had doubtless acquired any number of ringtones, red tape and strangulating regulations, until the provincial and federal governments banded down. The newswoman was equally frantic, but equal to her task. "I don't need a bunch of do-gooders telling me what I can see at the movies," she'd踊跃ly care about and liberate in this country? The same board had earlier banned Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. McNeil was fuming. He's proud of being a Nova Scotian and, in addition to simply wanting the adult freedom to see movies of his personal choice, he hates anything that diminishes the idea of Nova Scotia in some prudish, unappreciated backwater. He was, at the time, editor of the *Batture's Free Press*, and he waged an energetic, but ineffectual, editorial campaign against the board and censoring in general. The board was unmoved. That's when he decided to do an almost unheard-of thing: without name, or cloak, simply as a private citizen, he would challenge the censors.

Initially, McNeil had sought to have the board rescindar the banning of a film that many critics and filmmakers regarded as one of the year's best. A film shown without cuts in all other Canadian provinces and, moreover, already acquitted of obscenity under Canadian law following a trial in Manitoba. The board continued to ignore him. It knew, in the unassumable scruples of its collective mind, who was the elephant and who was the mosquito. When it did reply to McNeil, in its own sweet time and considered way, he was told, in effect, "Buzz off!" Rebuffed and piqued, he turned from appealing the board's judgment to appealing it in court. It was no longer a question of one film but all films, and of principle: this time he would challenge the constitutionality of the Nova Scotia Board of Censors — and, by direct implication, the legal position of censors in all other provinces.

His argument was simply that there is no constitutional provision for any body or group, other than courts of law, to define or judge obscenity, and there is no other legal basis for regulating the content of films. When a film is cut or banned (Ontario, for example, cut 174 films last year and banned six) by provincial censors it is obvious they find it offensive in some way. But offensiveness is not a crime. A



film is either obscene as defined by the Criminal Code, or it is not.

It took McNeil 14 months and cost him \$15,000 to win even the right to press his case against the censors in the Nova Scotia courts. Robert Murray, his young, aggressive lawyer, had to argue his way through a series of minor legal technicalities all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada just to establish McNeil's right to a private citizen to challenge provincial censorship laws. Three other provinces — Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta — sent lawyers to argue before the Supreme Court on Nova Scotia's behalf, indicating a new respect for "the mosquito."

On May 21, Chief Justice Bora Laskin, speaking for the full nine-judge court, ruled that none of the previous appeals — McNeil's included — had raised constitutional constitutional issues. The court therefore ruled McNeil had an arguable case and gave him the right to proceed.

The next round of legal proceedings began in mid-September at the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and McNeil estimates that costs may easily run \$15,000 this time. He has virtually no money for this kind of enterprise, though on the night following the Supreme Court decision, the National Park Club in Ottawa (where McNeil now works as a Canadian Press reporter) held a \$50-a-plate dinner to help him net at most \$4,000. But over \$1,500 has been raised through individual donations to a trust account (Consensus Fund, Box 312, Dartmouth, NS). "It's really the money more than anything that worries me," McNeil said. "It would take years and years to ever pay off something like \$25,000 in legal fees and other costs."

Which brings up another issue that Canadians should be conjuring with: why should an ordinary citizen such as Gerry McNeil have to bear the cost of fighting an injustice that operates at the national level? This is no small, no easy, pushing some irrelevant and inconsequential private judge — the Supreme Court decision should be proof enough of that. This is a significant constitutional question which the government of Canada should probably be pursuing on its own. But as it now stands, if someday we are free of writhing paternalism in this country, it will be largely due to the efforts of this one man.

Should McNeil win, and we should know that by October or at the latest next January (depending on whether or not it ends in Nova Scotia or goes to the Supreme Court of Canada on final appeal), the entire process of exhibiting films in Canada will be radically changed. There will be no more provincial stamping and printing and banning. The courts will rule on what is or is not obscene. The decisions of the courts may be unpredictable, especially to those of us who believe adults should be free to see what they want, but at least it would be constitutional. Ideally, of course, there would be no restrictions, and Canadians would do some growing up, which is an easy poll on censorship taken in this country shows — they have every willingness to do.

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# ... WHO'S THE FOREMOST OF THEM ALL? YOU, MORTY

By Barbara Amiel

When I first read Thomas Heffner's description of man's life as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short" I thought he was talking about writers. The price for belonging to the exclusive club of published writers was, I thought, to exist in a denouement of private existences, unmarked, unappraised, with pen and pencil at one's elbow.

Not necessarily. The last few years have seen the emergence of a new class of writers — they may be accountants, journalists, talk show hosts or hockey players — who write mediocrities books in their spare time with varying degrees of competence. It's a modern Canadian epidemic that has caused some real writers to seriously wonder if the current practice of being in print with that of a BA degree.

The sanguine effect of the writing explosion is obvious: quango books knocked off by part-time authors breed cynicism in the buying public and booksellers. Neither does it do much for the industry itself when publishing a book has the cachet and acceptability of a LIP grant. Students of mass communication can't help but wonder if any real function could be had in the writer regardless of such occurrences as agent research or style.

But there have been positive effects too: journalists such as Charles Taylor, Jonathan Mausupe and Walter Stewart have established themselves with thoughtful, astutely researched books. Such personalities as Peter Gzowski, Merle Shain and June Statto have proved that Americans haven't quite cornered the market on best-selling trivia. And equally important, successful publication is increasingly the publishers' source of seed money for books by serious fiction writers.

One source of seed money may well be Marion Shulman's *Canadian Classroom* (Fleming-Whitman, \$8.95). Shulman, by training a doctor, by (present) profession a provincial Member of Parliament, and by inclination an instant terrible, is already the author of one best-seller, *Anytime Can Make A Million*. For *Classmate*, an account of his four years as Minto Toronto's Chief Coroner, Shulman says he received an advance of \$16,500. There's every indication the book will make that back and more — even if it's bought only by the friends, acquaintances and lawyers of the people Shulman mentions in it.

Shulman, who was fired from his coroner's job in 1963, certainly has the common touch. He is the kind of forgotten man that fiction not all too frequently creates: the makes-for-newspaper writing and for a general marketing effect. The reader keeps hearing the point of only to arrive at the breath-taking finality with which Shulman resolves another complex issue. Talking of mad abortion laws or the mandatory credit union, Shulman lists both of which Shulman takes some credit for: he discusses opponents of these measures in the tone one encounters generally when speaking of savages who believe that God doesn't or below us when everyone knows he lives in the Holy Trinity.

A work of more specific weight is Lisa-Rose Butharne's first book, *The Suncha And The Maple Leaf* (Flu-

BOOKS



henry & Whiteman, \$9.95). Dr. Berlitzman, a labor arbitrator and member of the Ontario Human Rights Commission, has written a readable well-documented account of the fascist episode in Canada during the Thirties. This is pioneer history, which by definition describes rather than analyzes the totalitarian nature of the Mussolinis, alvermarts and blockbushers in Canada.

It's a happy circumstance that makes it possible to characterize the attitudes of Canadian fascists as "unpleasant as" when their European counterparts were engaged in insatiable, unbearable evil. For all its shortcomings, the Canadian temperament and climate aren't conducive to hardcore fascism. This isn't to downplay what happened there was Quebec Jews freed by the swiping no Jews allowed signs in Laurentian resorts only had their pain exacerbated by the mentality of the society about them.

Dr. Berlitzman uses the book to make a case for his special interest, group law legislation. Through the aid and support are clearly well intentioned, I find it difficult to come to any legitimate conclusion, and probably some people from reading similar publications about how the Nazis leave us free to openly many generalizations about American Nazis. While I am ready to do without either kind of stat, I still prefer to live in a society that will suffer both.

Roger Crutt's book *Smile! A Decade Of Canadian Stock Friends* (Gage, \$8.95) might have given Canadian investors powerful motivation. A disproportionate number of names in it are British. Not having done the necessary research I have to conclude that this is either (a) pure coincidence, or (b) the Canadian establishment profits in its own by investing monoliths were supposedly or (b) an embarrassing predilection on the part of members of my people to defraud the public.

Crutt had a blue chip career as a journalist that included work on the London Evening and various Canadian business publications. In 1973 he hooked up with Montreal rock superstar Irving Kot. By 1974 Kot's empire collapsed, culminating in a number of stock fraud conspiracy charges, and Crutt returned to journalism.

Perhaps understandably, Crutt makes no reference to the Kot affair. His book deals with old stock records from the Atlantic, Maritime, Canadian, Ltd., the Windfall affair (George and Viola MacMillan) and Bernard Connolly's Investors Overseas Services. Many of the book's cases have been extensively written about elsewhere in clearer and more thoughtful series. It's a shame, because readers in the dramatic and world say Crutt has an extraordinary sense for the stock market.

Contrived to some of the other fallout of the current reading explosion, these three books are far enough, but I still hope once the novelty wears off and being "bitterly clever" becomes a cutesy euphemism, non-writer may seek new challenges, leaving the field to those who have something interesting to say and one say it reasonably well.



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# GET OUT THERE, AL, AND MAKE 'EM LAUGH

By Ron Base

Once during the shooting of a CBC drama, the American character actor Steven Orikoff said to Al Wieman: "You're good, Al. You're hungry, and that's good." Wieman has been hungry for a long time, a little taller, perhaps, showing crooking his way into some sort of niche in the film business. He's funny, which is unusual and popular for the theatre, a dia, television and the movies. Now at 40, after 27 years, he's learned to be hungry without looking so desperate that he leaves the play across the dark out of the room. The hunger has made him successful and, for the first time, is about to make him well known to the Canadian public.

This month Al Wieman becomes *King Of Kensington*, a 13-week CBC television situation comedy series created by cognitive producer/director Perry Resnick. Comedy had never been very high on the CBC's list of priorities, but last year when U.S. television developed situation comedy to the point of becoming a major art form, the CBC had decided that the Canadian public must laugh (and not just once, but twice). After *King Of Kensington* premieres this week, it will be replaced by yet another comedy, this one about an actual-work manager as Canada played by British comedian Pratikos Bowler.

Laughter, however, is not a commodity easily come by. So down the elevator John Hensh, looking for someone with experience in producing television comedy, "hired" Jerry Rossenfeld back from Hollywood where, among other things, he had been directing films for *Good Times*. Rossenfeld developed the idea of a small town store owner, Larry King, who, dubious about the success of his venture, has to solve their problems in the midst of the cultural melting pot area in Toronto known as Kensington Market. A pilot episode was produced and aired last fall, but Rossenfeld was not happy with the actor playing the lead. He had known Al Wieman since the *Pitman* and *Wannam*. Rossenfeld decided, would make a perfect Larry King.

"There is nothing Al doesn't do with integrity," Rossenfeld says. "He doesn't lie, he doesn't read a script and write the lines he prays. And there's a chutzpah about him, he polarizes people. He doesn't change with people, doesn't talk or behave differently depending upon who he's with. And that's why Larry King has to be."

In an early episode of the series, Larry King confronts his mother's racism:

King: "Moms aren't prejudiced. Don't you understand the only thing that made this country great is people? Don't forget Canada didn't let people in, you still did in Poland."

Me: "You call me prejudiced . . . let me tell you something my dad told me . . . when your father and I came to this country some people used to call us 'kikes'."

King: "What people called you 'kikes'?"

Me: "The bastards."

Like King, Wieman is Jewish, liberal and overweight. In fact, he was here in the Kensington Market area and spent his first seven years there until life improved somewhat for



his parents, owners of the Melinda Ranch, and the family moved "up the hill." He remembers playing in the streets of Kensington, deferential talk to his parents because about that time he got turned on to acting by, of all people, Al Jolson. Well, maybe not so much Jolson as Larry Parks. Wieman says, "The Jolson Show" three days a week on television, which may have inflated a bit by the passing years. In fact, he remembers anecdotes, "I could imitate Jolson better than Parks." His father died when he was 10 and his step-father, in order to get on his own good side, agreed to allow him to act acting lessons. At the age of 13 he was appearing on Saturday morning kids' radio shows. At 18 he was playing roles in summer stock while attending university.

He didn't really start to get hungry though until after he had studied under the guru of method acting, Lee Strasberg ("I thought I was shit. I think Strasberg was more interested in maintaining a big apartment"), until after he had lived in New York, London and Hollywood and acted in three films, what he calls "Joe Walpurgis" roles. It was the inauthenticity of those parts, coupled with a desire to emulate Carl Fontaine, who directed him in *The Pierces*, that led him to the realization that it was more fulfilling to make films than to act in them.

He came back to Canada, directed a commercially successful short and then in 1970 wrote, produced and directed a feature film called *The Crowd*. It was a disaster artistically. Financially, The experience left Wieman angry and depressed, and he packed himself together, directing television episodes, television films and commercials. They last year he was hired to direct a quickie porno movie called *My Pleasure Is My Business*. It starred The Happy Hooker, Xavers Hollander. The subject of pleasure seems to embitter him somewhat — though he denies it. He does — but he is realistic about it.

"The picture was made for only one reason, to make money. To the extent it achieved that, it was a success. I don't do anything now that isn't gonna be a hit. And I don't mean movies. I mean dollars."

Even as he prepares to play *King Of Kensington*, Wieman works on two film scripts, directs a commercial, plays a small film role. The hunger has made him a hard-nosed pragmatist, he calls himself "a survivor."

"I'm always going to be hungry but without having to do anything. I mean at one time I used to be afraid to go to the beach because there was no phone." But now? "I wouldn't be happier. I want to be putting it all together. The thing I'm happiest about is knowing I'm gonna be involved in both acting and directing. That stability is so important. But even more important are my wife and two kids. There was a time when I was one of those guys who said, 'my career comes first and my family comes after it.' But now my family comes first and my career is happy, far it."

Al Wieman sits back and smiles. He looks well fed.

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# O BRAVE NEW STRATFORD, THAT HAS SUCH VIGOR IN IT

By David McCaughan

Until this year the Stratford Festival, Canada's largest and best-known theatrical enterprise, had been hitting harder and farther into artistic decline. The Festival, which likes to call itself "Canada's national theater," was presenting poorly acted classics in sticky dramatic rewrites. The more-or-less Shakespearean productions were often paired to a series of amateurish new plays written around stagehands and up-and-coming Canadian talent. Stratford had been around for nearly 40 years, as a director, he was consciously responsible for a stunning production, but the festival went into difficulties on his watch. Stratford didn't come close in reflecting the excitement in Canadian theater that was developing elsewhere during that period. What the physically and artistically untrained Gunion announced his departure there was a general sigh of relief and hope for a vibrant Stratford were reborn.

It was announced that when the Festival's board of directors went looking for Gunion's replacement they would look outside the string of regional theaters across the country, but after looking over the domestic crop the board finally chose Robert Phillips, a Briton.

Phillips' appointment as the festival's new artistic director brought an angry reaction from many who considered the choice an insult to Canada's burgeoning theater community. *The Canadian Theatre Review* indicated a large body of opinion, when it announced "It's an appointment which, if nothing else, is at least historic, on other counts in the world has a foreigner assume its national function." Those were angry demands that the appointment be withdrawn. The festival's board had interviewed a couple of Canadian candidates, Phillips, with taciturn courtesy, "It may be a surprise when the Canadian director develops a situation which won't quite fit in." *The Toronto Star*, *Maclean's*, *Left Behind*, an acting agent in England (*The People Says David Campbell*) and a dazzling career that includes West End hits and a famous innovative production of *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona* for the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Still, those were those who doubted his credentials and apparently doubted he could turn Stratford around, but when he announced plans for his first season — 1975 — it was obvious that Phillips was set to transform the festival. He created what he called the "Young Company," bringing to Stratford some of the most talented young actors from across the country, such people as Judi Dench, Gale Garnett, Nicholas Pennell and Mai Andrew. The Young Company works under Phillips' direction at the Avon. Stratford's medium-sized house, which has been groaning for its capacity since it was taken over by the festival. He announced that he would to make the festival's three theaters more integrated in their operation, thus taking away some of the emphasis traditionally placed on the 2,239-seat Festival Theatre.

"We have to find ways to share Shakespeare with a medium audience," Phillips says. "We cannot do Shakespeare in a cage — and have the audience look in and say, 'Aren't the



Crown Jewels wonderful?' Stratford is not an exhibition. It is a home of free, relevant theater." He proved his point with the two Shakespearean productions he did with the Young Company at the Avon (which at itself was an unconventional move since Shakespeare had previously belonged exclusively to the Festival Theatre).

Both productions were ingénue, witty and sophisticated — an alternative approach to Shakespeare at Stratford. He moves the plays forward in time, thoughtfully extracting and developing fresh humor and pathos, but retaining, always, the language as the predominant feature. *The Comedy Of Errors* is set in the West of the 19th century (the production did tour western Canada last winter). The stage is dominated by a huge covered wagon, and the stage hands into swaying song an impudent occasion. Phillips popularizes *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona* with elegant, sly gestures; there's a trap of sunflowers in the background (and one character has a dual ring for Robert Redford). On the Festival stage Phillips pensively directs a splendid *Measure For Measure* set in Elizabethan Vienna, the menages, beatfully, to pull out every new strain in the conundrums of a play.

Also on the Festival stage is British director David James' production of *Twelfth Night*, given a more indomitable interpretation, but nonetheless lively and delightful. These four productions represent a refreshing break from the old Stratford and its pompos, costume-pageant approach to Shakespeare. Unfortunately there's still a lingering taste of the old Stratford — William Hart's production of *Julius Caesar* is pretentious and full of special and leading emotional drama. And on the title role, legend Stratford leading lady Pat Colman, Phillips is still, possibly, the best Stratford can offer this year. The part is not great, though, and the part that will hopefully be outgrown by Stratford.

Phillips' reforms are not yet green-awarded, the festival hasn't received such a string of critical roses in years. International press critic Clive Barnes rated Stratford in the summer and wrote, "No theater company has changed so much in so few years. Mr. Phillips has worked wonders." It seems, based on many instances that Canada's top theater has been served from the date of former's a theatrical workhouse.

Phillips has listed it all, as it is finding and preserving Canadian plays. And if it is future, it is one that he shares with his predecessors. For years the Canadian theater community has been grumbling about the lack of Canadian drama at Stratford. Even before he arrived Phillips vowed to do something about that, but so far he hasn't only one Canadian production, Michael York's *Fellowship*, is planned this season. Especially because he's a farceur, Phillips will have to rectify this situation or face herry — and in some ways, phifified — reviews.

He may even find himself, come milky morning, on the books of the Avon, crossing paths with west coast director John Jenkins, who was so infuriated when Phillips' appointment to Stratford was announced that he immediately challenged him to a duel.

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TELL US  
THAT YOU  
LOVE US,  
ELVIS P.

By Heather Robertson

Elvis. Even in a casket, Elvis Presley is going to be singular, in person, in his death, not to mention in Vegas or Hollywood, but he will cross the border in Niagara Falls, New York, and I, a humble admirer since I saw him sing the *Jazzy Show* on the *Dorothy Show* those 20 years ago, I am going to offend a ticket. I can easily believe it! Elvis, The King, singing in Niagara Falls, New York, that doggy duckwater! I had a tremer of apprehension. Is it supposed? Am the rumors real? Can Elvis be for show, done in, at last not by speed or accident or sex, but by a gust of ice-cream heat?

I am tempted to not go, to leave untrashed the memory of that little boy in the white suit and grey pajamas, snoring and snuggling on the TV set to the beat of our jubilant sheets. But great measurements are not to be erased.

The concert is in the convention room, a huge rectangle done. Capacity is 11,738 and it's a sellout. I'm on the ground floor about half-way back. It takes half a hall to sit. People start coming at half an hour and a half before show time, married women mostly, with their husbands, some with their kids, kids, girls, white women in their thirties with thick wavy hair, and lots and lots of bulging out of dry-crop Wind 'n' Wear pencil skirts, bleached hair twisted into Twister Wreath girls, women with lots of make-up and jewelry, all dolled up, sweating down the sides like gasses, their husbands, dancy, unbuttoned men in smockers, shuffling along embarrassed and indecisive. Middle America, straight, square, hardly a pair of jeans in the place, and something like strange, not one black face New York red-neck.

Horatio guides Croaker Jacks and "Swallow power," and a steady fat man in heavy shorts flings party discs serenely from the stage. At 8:30 p.m. the fat man starts, "Skeleman falls, the show's gonna start," the lights go down and the fat art comes out, those black blocks in bright white jumpers who sing for a long time not very well and jump around a lot. Then an angry Hand truck comes in, with a hand truck, and the fat art goes to the side of the stage, where the hand truck hits. Peacock feathers come out, or not? The crowd is dead, indifferent. Then a 45 intermission — not here, no blues and I'm getting depressed.

But the mood begins to change. Women are getting restless, irate, passing nervously up and down the aisles with their cameras and binoculars. "Last time he came in over there," whispers the guy next to me, pointing his binoculars at a big steel door to the left of the stage. "The place was dark and when they opened the door the sunlight emanated in. God, it was like the second coming of Christ." Suddenly the house goes dark. Floating in a tiny bubble of white light the band starts up the longest intro and comes out from *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The band is a dozen. An older man, the women are on their feet on the chairs, screaming. My heart is in my mouth, my jaws are weak. A third fanfare, a frenzied, beyond the limit of endurance, then silence. No Ehr. The spotlight moves across the stage. The women are screaming, hysterical. Then, then a small, dark figure in a



white cowboy cut, rheumy eyes, went struts in from behind an amplifier to the right of the stage. A great primal scream. My God, it *really* is him. "He looks good!" shouts the guy next to me.

He opens with C. G. Astor, sharing the words through his nose, left thigh moving with that famous music box rhythm. He tosses the song off easily, hardly pretending to play the guitar. The band has won over the audience.

Then comes the long, expressive notes of *Lucy My Darling*, a song which turns out to make 37 years out of my seat, my eyes closed when that white figure camping around the stage, turns his back, bounces and prances with rock staginess. He takes the white scarf draped over his neck, sweeps the scarf off of his chest, and leaves it on the neck of women stretching their arms toward him at the foot of the stage. A solid screen. A member of the band drapes a blue scarf around his neck. Another scarf, another sweep with the scarf across his forehead, and into the crowd of women. The song ends along *Elton's* voice at the end, hushed, drowned out by the band and the black curtains. It's impossible to grasp Barlongue. The kind of rock is strong in the atmosphere, but the kind of rock is hard to hear off. The rhythm from the songs ripples through the gas, strains my nerves. Elton is moving in shifting red and purple light, thousands of flashes to off-white sheets of colorless lighting. It's not a concert, it's a performance, an exhibition, a happening.

I am transfixed by this dancing white figure on the blackstone, raised to his hands suspended beneath the curtains, extracted by every grotesque gesture. He seems very ordinary, very human, fresh and shiny. I think about Buddy Kinney on a stage like this and in a similar fashion, scratch my nose. Somebody is trying to show off. It is not a good, appropriate, ordinary response, the ultimate gesture of loss. *Boo-doo*! *Boo-doo*! *Boo-doo*! *Boo-doo*! for the headlights to go away, that don't. Evergreen miles around on stage for a moment. "Forget it, I'm okay," says Elvin. Then he grapples with the stage, falters on his back. The crowd is on the chairs with a single voice. "What's *da matter*?" shrills the guy next to me. Then Elvin is up, chewing, laughing, starting another song.

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